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THE NOVELS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

The nineteenth century is preëminently the age of the novel. What Voltaire could call the work of one writing with facility things unworthy to be read by serious minds has become so predominant in France as almost to absorb in popular literary consciousness all forms of imaginative writing except the drama. This is a tendency that was manifest at the outset of the century, and it has been growing in force ever since. Among the factors that have combined to produce the change are doubtless the spread of superficial culture, the great cheapening in the cost of production of books and the readier means of diffusion by post and railway. The French newspapers, too, by their *feuilletons* have added greatly to the production of fiction, though they have tended to lower its literary standard. But more important perhaps than any of these factors is the fact that fiction has come to reflect popular emotions and states of mind. The novel of the romantic school was to be lyric in its style, personal in its appeal. Herein lies the cardinal importance of Chateaubriand to the development of French fiction. He took up the torch of Rousseau that was already burning low and fanned it in a serener air, to a fuller flame.

The century in fiction opens with the publication of his *Atala* in 1801, followed in 1802 by *René*, both short stories but of far reaching influence and most characteristic of the mood of the next generation and of this author who was its most eloquent representative. He was a Breton noble, Francois René de Chateaubriand (1768-1848), born at St.

Malo, "within hearing of the waves" as he liked to say, on the fourth of September, 1768, the birth-year of Napoleon, to whom he was also wont to take this occasion to compare himself. Neither mother nor father seems to have been a wise or genial parent, and his chief if not his only childish affection was for a sister, Lucile, a frail, nervous invalid who died young. The relation was certaily morbid, and later in his life Chateaubriand was pleased to surround it with a sort of incestuous halo that he might explain by this aberration of youth the fascinating indifference that characterized his own relations to women in after years and found their fullest expression in his *René*, the most strongly marked character, in a sense we may say the only character, of his fiction.

He was himself an intense and somewhat morbid youth, and his early training could not but foster such tendencies. He passed his childhood in an ultra-catholic environment, listening to the strange legends of the childlike Breton people or nursing meditation by the boundless and mysterious ocean. As a boy he went to various schools, but all within the Breton spell, and then to the gloomy ancestral castle of Combourg; no wonder that his twentieth year found him untaught, timid, eager and gloomy, above all dissatisfied with all that life gave or promised. He was suffering already from that *maladie du siècle* of which it is impossible not to speak at some length in judging Chateaubriand, but which we shall perhaps treat more profitably if we first trace the course of his life until, with the fall of Napoleon, the man of letters was absorbed in the politician. He tried to go to sea and got actually as far as Brest, he contemplated suicide; then his friends got him a position in the army, and on the eve of the revolution the young man found himself transported from the solitude of ocean and forest, from the most backward province of France, to Paris, the focus of the intellectual and political world.

The effect, as was natural, was immediate and strong. Its literary significance, however, lies in the strength of the

reaction that followed and in the literary stimulus that his associations gave him. He learned to know most of the chief writers of the time, Parny the poet, La Harpe the critic, the two Cheniers, Chamfort the acute philosopher, and most important of all to him, Fontanes, who was the discoverer of his genius, his unswerving friend, and always a shrewd adviser. He began intense though unsystematic studies. Ignorant at twenty, his *Essay on Revolutious* published at twenty-nine shows a remarkable mass of information, which indeed was never fully assimilated. But acquaintance with the great writings of the century aroused in him, as greatness always did, mingled admiration and envy. Could he not, he seems to have said to himself, catch the imagination of Rousseau and use it to controvert his ideas and so to destroy his ascendency? Could he not eclipse Bernardin de St. Pierre by borrowing his style and making it the bearer of sturdier thought? There remained Voltaire whose wit he could not borrow. Against him and his ideas he would wage a moral war and win for himself the mantle of Bossuet. Such seem to have been the literary impulses that he gathered from four intoxicating years. Then in 1791 as the clouds of revolution thickened he set sail for America, where he had a commission to search for the North-West passage, obviously a mere pretext. He travelled more or less widely in the United States, met Washington and, according to his own account, which is never above suspicion, saw Labrador and the Great Lakes, the prairies of what was then Louisiana, and the semi-tropcal forests of Spanish Florida. Here he might observe the "state of nature" as Rousseau had dreamed and Bernardin described it. Here the morbid imagination of his youth was vivified by contact with a primeval world and untutored man. He was gone but a year and landed again in France in January, 1792, but that year gave him the scene and the direct inspiration for the greater part of his fiction and the indirect inspiration for the rest.

The execution of Louis XVI. made Chateaubriand an

émigré, he was wounded in the expedition against Thionville, went to England in 1793 and remained there till 1800. It is unnecessary to dwell here on the writings of these years or on his rather disgraceful adventure *à la* Saint-Preux with the daughter of his host at Bungay. It was however during this period of exiled poverty that he wrote the "Natchez," a huge manuscript of 2,383 folio pages, in which he strove to involve his impressions of America and of life. Of this far the greater part was not printed till 1826, but it served as a sort of storehouse from which he drew successively *Atala* (1801,) *René* (1802) and considerable parts of the *Genius of Christianity* (1802). This last lies outside our immediate field. Chateaubriand's other contributions to fiction are *The Martyrs* published in 1809 and *The Last of the Abencerrages* written about the same time but not printed till much later. To these last two works he brought the added experience of two years of official life at Rome, but he seems to have welcomed the murder of the Duke d'Enghien as an excuse for resuming a haughty opposition to Napoleon, "who," as he somewhat fatuously assures us, "made the world tremble, but me never." Yet these works were not the immediate result of those years but of what he called a *Journey from Paris to Jerusalem*, a trip undertaken partly to gather materials for the *Martyrs*, partly at the suggestion of a lady who was not quite ready to yield to his seductive *morgue* and who met him on his return in the Alhambra, where for some years their names could be deciphered together. I mention this because the intermingling of sensuality and religious sentiment is as constant in Chateaubriand as it was in Bernardin and Rousseau. It is not difficult to distinguish the pinchbeck from the gold but it is well to call attention to it. Persons who desire details can find them in the discrete revelations of Sainte-Beuve and Villemain.

Thus much of the life of Chateaubriand is necessary to any understanding of the ethical purport of his novels. We must now dwell briefly on the contents of the novels that

we may the better comprehend the cause and nature of their influence. *Atala* purports to be a story told at the close of the seventeenth century to a melancholy young Frenchman, René, in whom the author intends that we shall see himself. It is narrated by the old indian Chactas who has been in France in the *grand siècle*, has talked with Fénelon, listened to Bossuet and to Ninon, seen the tragedies of Racine and acquired enough of civilization to combine an Homeric simplicity of picturesque imagery with the dainty refinements of the Hôtel Rambouillet. All of which is ridiculous enough, but it serves Chateaubriand's purpose which is to bring civilization and the "state of nature" into more effective contrast than Rousseau or Bernardin had done, For Chactas, knowing the best that culture has to offer, deliberately prefers the wilderness, as does René himself and, as Chateaubriand gives us to understand, he would do also were it not that a weary condescending charity forbids him to deprive society of his presence. Both Chactas and René have had experiences somewhat similar to that of Chateaubriand and Lucile. René loves his sister, Chactas a young indian girl who has sworn perpetual virginity. He is a captive among her nation. She saves him and to save herself they are forced to fly together. The solitary journey of the young lovers, for she returns his affection though guarding her vow, is described with a lingering dalliance that some take for sentimental purity and others for lurking lubricity. As Joubert said, the passions here are "covered with long white veils." If it be urged that to the pure all things are pure, it may be replied that we know Chateaubriand is not in that category. However the pair come at last to the mission station of Father Aubry the counterpart of Rousseau's Savoyard Vicar and Bernardin's Solitary Walker. There Atala who "had extreme sensitiveness joined to profound melancholy" presently died of a disease that poets call unrequited love and doctors by another name. She is a martyr to a romantic and therefore false conception of duty, but this while it might detract now from the interest of the story, added

greatly to its charm in 1800, in a generation already predisposed to that *maladie du siècle* of which Chateaubriand was in part the first talented exponent and in part the cause.

This is even more clearly the central point of the interest of *René*, a second fragment detached from the *Genius of Christianity* in 1807, probably because its author felt that it would appeal to many who did not fancy the religious dilettantism of the latter work and would offend perhaps some that the other attracted. The hero of this tale, as the name implies, is the person to whom *Atala* had been related, namely Chateaubriand himself, as he aspired to be or to be thought at twenty-three. He is a young Werther, full of discouraged world-pain such as was forced on many men of genius, first by the revolt against the dry rot of eighteenth century philosophy, then by the lie direct given to the utopian dreams of the reformers by the bloody saturnalia of the revolution. Where men a decade before had felt full of hope and strength, they felt now, at least those of more delicate organization, for it is they alone who had literary genius at this time, helpless and hopeless. From this results an anxious introspection and an eager utterance of egoism that had begun with Rousseau and culminates in Chateaubriand and in Byron. Chateaubriand like all the victims of the *maladie du siècle* are prisioned in themselves. All their invention consists of creating a new environment for their individuality. Hence the growing predominance in fiction of local color. As Brunetière says "wherever the poet sets up the scenery of his work he is and remains its centre."

Doubtless other agencies contributed to evoke this state of mind in Chateaubriand and in those who read *René* with eager enthusiasm. Among these it is probably safe to reckon, with Brunetéire, the new cosmopolitanism that had innoculated the literature of France with a virus from the north that was contrary to its nature and so for the moment toxic. The interest in foreign literatures, the knowledge of English and German masterpieces through translations, which grew more frequent throughout this generation,

troubled as it were the equilibrium of the French genius. Speaking of a period a little later, and of the novel *Obermann*, George Sand says: "Ambitions have taken on a character of a feverish intensity, minds overwrought by immense labors have been suddenly tried by great fatigues and piercing agonies. All the springs of personal interest, all the forces of egoism, extremely developed under great tension, gave birth to unknown ills for which psychology had as yet assigned no place in its annals." Of this malady all sensitively organized natures seem to have felt more or less since the days of Werther and Saint-Preux. Goethe threw off the disease and attained an Olympian calm, Rousseau became mentally deranged, Bernardin was saved from it by his fatuity, Chateaubriand wrapped himself in egoistic indifference, and in *René, or the Effect of the Passions* he has given us the most noted French exposition of this state of soul. It is this that made him the father of romanticism, of which Sainte-Beuve quotes an anonymous wit as saying that "Rousseau had been the grandfather and Bernardin an uncle who had come back from India for the purpose."

But whatever may have been the ancestry of *René* the posterity is neither scanty nor doubtful and, though the influence was almost wholly evil and obviously so, yet its influence was so great and it so sums up and characterizes the morbid virus of romanticism that it is well to let *René* tell his story, as far as may be in his own words as he sits with his old friend the now blind Chactas and the good but stern mission-priest Souel by the banks of the Mississippi, regarding the world with indifference and his wife and child near by with a weary ennui of which we may read particulars in the Natchez quite worthy to rank with the rankest *fleurs du mal* of Baudelaire.

René is a character with whom it is hard to feel respect or patience, a man of brilliant genius who becomes the spendthrift of his talent through a complete lack of even a rudimentary sense of social duty or self-control. He has an

utter lack of will, being indeed a monstrosity of egoism, very like in this to Chateaubriand, so self-absorbed that nothing outside himself seems worth desire or contemplation. Chateaubriand has told us of himself that "people wearied him by dint of loving him," and it was with a somewhat similar condescension to the solicitations of his friends that René at last consented to tell them "not the adventures of his life, for he had experienced none, but the secret sentiments of his soul," of which those of his kind were always replete to nausea. He describes himself at the outset, very justly, as "a young man without force or virtue, who finds in himself his own torment, and has hardly any evils to bemoan save those that he had himself caused." We know that Chateaubriand was uncongenial to his parents. René too has no sympathies in childhood, but it is because he has cost his mother her life and his father has died in his arms while he was still young. As Chateaubriand owed what he was pleased to imagine his conversion to the emotions attending the death of his mother and sister so René receives from his father's death his first presentiment of immortality. The effect of religion, so called, on character was about equally absent in both cases. Chateaubriand could not describe that of which he knew nothing. His character never attained an adult development. It was neither christian nor pagan, but hermaphrodite. And so was René's. In youth this young hopeful "used to go apart to contemplate the fugitive clouds or to hear the rain fall on the foliage." Naturally therefore when he stood before "the entrance to the deceptive paths of life" he cared to enter on none of them. The monastic life, being the most obviously unnatural and apparently useless, attracted him most but "whether through natural inconstancy or prejudice" he changed his plans and resolved to nurse his melancholy on the relics of antiquity, "but he grew weary of searching in these grave-clothes where too often he stirred only a criminal dust." He sums up his impression of modern Europe by describing the view from the crater of Etna where on

the one side all Sicily lay before him in miniature and on the other its entrails burning amid puffs of black vapor; and he continues:

"A young man, full of passions, seated on the brink of a volcano, weeping over mortals whose dwellings he could hardly see at his feet, is doubtless, old men, only an object worthy of your pity, but whatever you may think of René, this picture offers you the image of his character and of his existence. Thus all my life I have had before my eyes a creation at once immense and imperceptible, and an abyss yawning at my side." Then after a rhetorical pause, seeing that they actually took him seriously "his face grew tender, tears flowed from his eyes and he cried: Blessed savages. Oh why cannot I enjoy the peace that accompanies you always. While with so little profit I journeyed through so many countries, you seated tranquilly beneath your oaks let the days pass uncounted. Your only motives were your needs and you attained better than I the result of wisdom, as a child between his play and his sleep. If that melancholy that is engendered by excess of happiness did sometimes touch your souls you soon issued from that passing sadness and your eyes lifted to heaven sought with emotion that unknown *je ne sais quoi* that takes pity on the poor savage.... The study of the world had taught me nothing and yet I had no longer the bliss of innocence."

I suppose one may regard this as in some ways a test passage. Those who like that sort of thing will like the *Natchez* and the rest, those who find it irritating will, if they are readers, prefer to direct their attention elsewhere and if they are students, will admire the form while regretting the pernicious teaching that it masks.

At Paris René found he was only "belittling his life to bring it to a level with society," in the country he was "fatigued by the repetition of the same scenes and ideas." No wonder that after amusing himself by throwing leaves into a brook he reflects: "See to what a degree of puerility our proud reason can descend." René had reached this point in his mental and moral degeneration when he began to feel the desire of sharing it with another. His feelings, here too, are a curious perversion of mingled christianity and paganism. "Oh, God," René exclaims "if thou hadst given me a wife after my desire, if as to our first parent so to me thou hadst brought an Eve drawn from myself! Heavenly beauty, I should have prostrated myself before

thee, then taking thee in my arms, I should have prayed the eternal to give thee the rest of my life."

This is Chateaubriand's ideal of romantic love. As Sainte-Beuve says, (Causeries, ii. 151) "what he sought in love was less the affection of such and such a woman than an occasion of agitation and fantasy, it was less the person that he sought, than the regret, the recollection, an eternal dream, the cult of his own youth, the adoration of which he felt himself the object, the renewal or the illusion of a cherished situation." This appears in the relation of Chactas to Atala, it reappears in the Velléda episode of the *Martyrs*, and especially in the astonishing later "relation," for it would be hardly just to speak of *love* in connection with René or with Chateaubriand, that unites René to Céluta. To this we shall recur presently. For the moment René finds in the kisses of his sister, Amélie, the Lucile of fact, the nearest approach to contentment of which his distorted heart was capable. "In this delirious state," he says, "I almost came to desire to feel some evil that I might have at least a real object of pain." His sister shares his incestuous feelings but, with more perspicacity and decision than Chateaubriand would have though sympathetic in his blasé hero, she takes refuge in a convent. She writes to him, painting to him the charms of matrimony with a quivering pen that at the close almost betrays itself in the exclamation: "She will be all love, all innocence before you; you will think that you have your sister back again." But her separation from her brother is only for a time, the same cradle held them in childhood and the same tomb shall soon unite their warm dust. "If I snatch myself from you in time it is only that I may be joined to you in eternity." Meantime she makes the sensible proposition that he should adopt some profession, a suggestion that he must have received with a languid smile. He visits the convent as Amélie is making her monastic profession, and hears her ejaculate beneath her shroud: "God of mercy, grant that I may ~~may~~ never rise from the funeral couch, and crown with thy

blessings a brother who has not shared my criminal passion."

René now resolves to abandon civilization, but while waiting for his ship he "wanders constantly around the monastery" reflecting that "here religion lulls the sensitive soul in sweet deception. For the fiercest loves she substitutes a sort of chaste glow in which the virgin and the lover are fused in one." But Amélie finally died, very much as Atala had done, and René seems to have thought it proper to spend the rest of his life in diffusing a general atmosphere of unhappiness around him. Of this we learn chiefly from the *Natchez*.

The *Natchez*, it may be explained, are a tribe of Indians, now extinct, into which René has been adopted. This has compelled him to take a wife, Céluta, from among them, but nothing could compel him to act like a christian or even like an *honnête homme* to her or to their child. Such a conversion as Chateaubriand describes his own to have been implies far less depth of heart than shallowness of mind. "I became a christian," he says in his preface to the *Génie;* "I did not yield, I confess, to any great supernatural illumination, my conviction came from my heart, I wept and I believed." So it was with René and, as Sainte-Beuve says, his letter to the wife he has abandoned dated "from the Desert on the thirty-second snow of my existence" is on this subject the confession of the author's own heart. He tells this mother of his daughter that he does not love her, that he has never loved her, that she does not and cannot understand a heart "whence issue flames that lack aliment, that would devour creation and yet be unsatisfied, that would devour thee thyself." When he is gone, he tells her she may marry, but he adds in the next paragraph that he knows she will not, "for who could environ you with that flame that I bear with me even though I do not love." Of course we may say this is the height of fatuousness, but the intimate history of Chateaubriand would justify René, for more than one woman seems to have loved Chateaubriand's

disdain, though Chateaubriand certainly would not have classed his own spouse with the gentle Céluta.

As for René he assures his long-suffering wife that the trials of his life, which seem to us to be mere figments of a morbid fancy, are such that "they might win a man from the mania of life." He would like he says "to embrace and stab her at the same instant, to fix the happiness in your bosom and to punish myself for having given it to you," precisely as Atala had desired "that the divinity might be annihilated, if only pressed in thy arms I might have rolled from abyss to abyss with the debris of God and of the world." All of which is much more suggestive of the Marquis de Sade thad of the Sermon on the Mount. Again in another place René exclaims "Let us mingle sensuous joys (*voluptés*) with death, and let the vault of heaven hide us as it falls." Which again suggests a certain chapter in the *Wandering Jew* far more than any chapter of any gospel. Sainte-Beuve says that in writing thus Chateaubriand gave passion "a new accent, a new note, fatal, wild, cruel, but singularly poetic. With him there always enters into it a wish, an ardent desire for the destruction and ruin of the world." But in doing this he only reproduced a phase of mediæval satanism, and if satanism is poetic our sanity can only protest that that is so much the worse for poetry.

René finds the world so out of joint that "he is virtuous without pleasure and would be criminal without remorse." He wishes he "had never been born or might be for ever forgotten," even by his daughter. "Let René be for her," he writes to Céluta, "an unknown man whose strange destiny when told, may make her ponder, and know not why. I wish to be in her eyes only what I am, a sad dream." Which after all is merely another way of saying what we knew before that Chateaubriaud preferred to charm the imagination than to win the heart. "He made of everything, even of filial sentiment, a subject of self-glorification and

vanity."[1] That Chateaubriand's absent hero presently perished in a massacre of the Natchez was surely no loss to the world though Céluta seems to have caught the contagion of his folly and drowns herself at the news of her release.

I have thought it worth while to dwell at some length on this ethical phase of *René* both because I am convinced that it has autobiographical value and also because the daughter that he abandoned was by no means the only progeny of that melancholy hero. Years afterward, Chateaubriand, still posing as an *ennuyé*, wrote: "If René did not exist, I would not write it, and if it were possible to destroy it I would destroy it. A family of Renés in poetry and prose has swarmed. We have heard nothing but tearful, disjointed phrases." "Evidently," comments Sainte-Beuve with a healthy scorn, "René did not wish to have any children," and to judge by the way in which Chateaubriand treats Rousseau and Bernardin, he "would have preferred in literature to have no father."

René and the *Natchez* are then as melancholy a travesty of christian feeling as *Atala*. They are wholly morbid and essentially immoral, but also essentially autobiographical in their psychology. Their charm and their popularity depended on their morbidity, which flattered an exceptional state of the public mind, and on their imagination and style to which we shall recur after speaking of the second group of Chateaubriand's fiction, the stories that resulted from his visit to Palestine. These are *The Last of the Abencerrages* and *The Martyrs*. Both may be briefly dismissed. The former is more plaintively morbid than the American stories. The young christian girl Bianca de Bivar and the gallant Moor Aben-Hamet love one another, but associations, parents, religion, combine to frustrate their love and he finally seeks a vain consolation in a pilgrimage to Mecca. Essentially then the situation is the same as in

[1] Sainte-Beuve, Causeries, ii. 155.

Atala and *René*, namely, the conflict of passion with duty or superstition or convention. All are elegies of self-torture, of which the chief cause was lack of common sense. And the same may be said for *The Martyrs* where the two episodes that give it its character as a novel, the unrequited love and suicide of the druidess Velléla and the unfulfilled loves of the virgin Cymodocée and Eudore, are characterized by the same teasing sentimental toying with sensuality. Even when at the close, the "martyrs" are about to be devoured by the wild beasts of the circus, Eudore

> "takes off his mantle, covers with it Cymodocée so as the better to hide from the eyes of the spectators the charms of the descendant of Homer, when she should be dragged over the arena by the tiger. Eudore feared that a death so chaste might be sullied by the shadow of an impure thought even in others. Perhaps, too, it was a last instinct of nature, a manifestation of that jealousy that accompanies true love even in the tomb."

This citation may serve also to suggest the purpose of the narrative which, with *Atala*, *René* the *Abencerrages* and the *Natchez*, but on a broader field than they, is intended to bring two modes of life or of ethical conception into juxtaposition and contrast. As there it had been the civilized and the savage or the Christian and the Moorish, so here it is the *épopée* of rising christianity and sinking paganism that he sings in rythmic prose. Indeed *The Martyrs* is *The Genius of Christianity* in action. The time is that of Diocletian. The real subject is the contrast between the christian and the pagan morality, and, what is more interesting to Chateaubriand, between the ways in which this morality manifests itself in ceremonial and sacrificial worship. For it is much less important to him that the faith he advocates should be true to salvation than that it should furnish occasion for æsthetic pleasure and pathetic emotions, that it should afford him what he describes in Atala as "the secret and ineffable pleasures of a soul enjoying itself." The various scenes and descriptions are bound together by the tale of the chaste loves of Eudore, the christian, and Cymodocée, the descendant of Homer, a priestess and late con-

vert. There is also a druidess of less uneasy virtue than Cymodocée, Velléda, whom passion leads to suicide, for Chateaubriand seems to think no hero or heroine of interest, that does not somehow make shipwreck of his life or fortune in some sort of crusade against common sense.

Clearly the nearest antetype of *The Martyrs* is Fénelon's *Télémaque*. Like that work it is made the vehicle of much chronology and geography, we are carried from the Netherlands to Greece, from Rome to Egypt, we are introduced to nearly all the prominent characters of the Antenicene church and, by a daring anticipation, to some of the *philosophes* of the eighteenth century also. But the great fault of the book is its rythmic style that hovers between prose and poetry in a way most exasperating to the modern reader. Chateaubriand may have meant to show us "the language of Genesis beside that of the Odyssey." As a matter of fact his invocations to the Muse, his scenes in heaven and hell and his spice of the marvellous, supposed to be necessary to the making of an epic *ragout*, seem singularly flat to modern taste, while on the other hand it must be admitted that certain passages especially the *Chants de la patrie* (books 6 to 10) give us perhaps the high water mark of Chateaubriand's prose style.

It is this style, this art of language that is Chateaubriand's chief title to literary remembrance. His thought was very largely morbid. It it hardly worth while to enquire how far he was sincere or capable of sincerity. In society and in ethics he was a *poseur* whose fatuous conceit is endurable now only to those who have ceased to take him seriously. But he was an incomparable artist in words. And if he fell sometimes on the side to which he inclined and erred by excess of ornament, his genius was guided, guarded, saved from itself by two critical friends, Fontanes and Joubert, whose delicate taste he trusted and whose discreet counsels he gladly accepted, much to the gain of his artistic reputation. His remarkable gifts of vivid description and eloquent appeal, thus restrained from too

obvious excess, produced a style of which the effect can be felt throughout the century. Thierry tells us how passages from the *chants de la patrie* in *The Martyrs* inspired him to write his *Récits mérovingiens* and even declares that all the typical thinkers of the first third of the century "had had Chateaubriand at the source of their studies, at their first inspirations." Nisard, too, thought that "the initial inspiration as well as the final impulse of all the durable innovations of the first half of the century in poetry history and criticism" were due to him; to Villemain he was "a renovator of the imagination" and to the cautious Sainte-Beuve "the first, the most original and the greatest writer of imagination" during the first half of the century. The fruits of this stylistic emancipation of individualism may be seen even in our time. Chateaubriand is the essential prelude not only to Thierry but to Lamartine and Vigny, to the young Hugo, to George Sand, to Michelet, to Flaubert, to Loti and to many others. It was the example of his daring that taught men to break boldly, perhaps too boldly sometimes, with literary tradition. He is the source not of beauties alone but of faults, of those exagerations of language in pursuit of emotional effect that mar the writing even of such romantic masters as Hugo. For there was an affectation even of simplicity in Chateaubriand, that was the very antithesis of classic restraint, though this last had itself become a mannerism during the eigthteenth century. As M. Faguet has happily put it, "he insisted that this indefinite imitation should cease, that France should have a literature of her own not a borrowed one, that since she was not pagan she should drop mythology in poetry, that since she was modern she should not have an ancient literature." And that was to invite a reaction from the sixteenth century as well as the seventeenth, from Rousard as well as from Racine.

We cannot better conclude this study of Chateaubriand's style than by the comparison of Joubert[1] who says that the

[1] Cited by Sainte-Beuve, Causeries, 177.

style of *Paul and Virginia* resembles a statue of white marble, that of Chateaubriand a statue of bronze cast by Lysippus. The former is more polished, the latter more brilliantly colored. Chateaubriand takes for his matter, sky, earth, and hell. Saint-Pierre would choose a well lighted landscape. The style of the one has a fresher and younger air. That of the other is more ancient, as though it were the style of all time. Saint-Pierre seems to choose what is purest and richest in the language; Chateaubriand takes from all, even from vicious literatures, but he makes them undergo a veritable transformation. Like that famous metal which at the burning of Corinth was formed from the fusion of all others, so the language of Chateaubriand fuses all his thoughts in celestial fire.

It may be admitted that the limitations of his genius were almost as striking as that genius itself. His imagination gave a wonderful utterance to the feelings of his own and the following generation. It did little or nothing to direct or develop their thought. But yet his novels are a cardinal point in the evolution of the French literary spirit and of French fiction. They mark, perhaps, the most important date since the renascence. For, as Madame de Stael prepared the way for the romantic school in the realm of thought, philosophy, and criticism, so Chateaubriand became its master in the realm of art and of creative imagination.

BENJAMIN W. WELLS.

OUR LORD'S VERNACULAR.

At last it seems that a definitive book has been published, which so far as the present material carries us, settles the question as to what language our Lord used. I say, "so far as present material carries us," for critical opinions on this subject must hold themselves in suspension, perhaps till the end of time, or at least until some decisive addition to the evidence is forthcoming, because at present there is so much to be said on both sides that many foremost scholars have felt it necessary to maintain an attitude of strict neutrality.

Be that as it may, the evidence that our Lord spoke Aramaic is very weighty, and critical scholarship is constantly adding to it. Thus it results that if the "intelligent layman," who is not *au fait* on the latest critical returns, wishes to get a perspicuous view of the arguments up to date *pro Aramaico*, it is quite impossible for him to do so from books published two or three decades ago. It is perhaps not too much to say that, so far as European scholarship is concerned, the contributions toward the solution of the problem made within the last ten years more than equal those of the preceding centuries.

It is with great pleasure, therefore, that one welcomes a new book by a competent and trustworthy student of this period. Such a work we have in Herr Meyer's *Jesu Muttersprache*.[1]

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[1] *Jesu Muttersprache.* Das galiläische Aramäisch in seiner Bedeutung für die Erklärung der Reden Jesu und der Evangelien überhaupt. Von Arnold Meyer. Freiburg und Leipsig: J. C. B. Mohr, 1896; London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate. The book is exhaustively reviewed in that technical journal, *The Critical Review*, for October, 1896, by one of the foremost Syriac scholars in England, Mr. G. H. Gwilliam. I refer my professional readers to this article for a much fuller resumé than space permits here. It is reviewed also at less length by Orello Cone in *The New World* for March, 1897, and by Prof. Marshall, of Manchester, England, in *The American Journal of Theology*, January, 1897.

At the outset, attention is called to the fact that in dealing with the subject of our Lord's vernacular, a marked difference between the theory and the practice of theologians is observable; nearly all admit that Aramaic was the language of Palestine at the time of Christ, and yet in theological works it is constantly assumed that the Greek words of the text were those actually uttered by our Lord. But, if the Aramaic theory be correct, the evangelical accounts are really *translations*, and the actual sounds can be heard only by the reconstruction of the Semitic original. This, however, as every textual student knows, is a most precarious undertaking.[1]

Now, Christ's vernacular was either some Semitic dialect or Greek,—there is no third hypothesis worth examining. And in Mr. Gwilliam's opinion—an opinion as worthy of consideration as Herr Meyer's—the arguments adduced in the present work and in the works of Duval, Neubauer, Cust, and Archbishop Clement David, of Damascus, give the quietus to the claims of Greek. Here follows another interesting opinion, shared to-day by practically all Semitists, viz., that there is no sufficient evidence to show that the inhabitants of Palestine spoke Greek as well as their native Semitic dialect. This is rather remarkable in view of the fact that the traditional theory is that Palestine presented a beautiful illustration of bilingualism, and that this theory has commanded the assent of a large number of critical scholars.

The next question then is: what was this Semitic dialect? Was it Hebrew, or Aramaic, or a jargon of both

[1] In some sort of justification, however, of this universal usage among scholars, it must be remembered that these Greek documents are not only confessedly inspired, *but they are the only ones accessible in the premises.* If we did not use *them*, we could use *none*, unless, indeed, each man, following the leadership of students like Prof. Marshall, set out to reconstruct the Aramaic original for himself. I may add that the attempt just cited, while it has developed some daring and brilliant feats of philological scholarship, has not met with any very widespread approval on the part of the learned author's confrères.

admixed with scattering Latin and Greek words (Deutsch)? There is the possibility of such a *patois*, as witness the negro jargon of Jamaica. Deutsch's view is probably an "exaggeration"; and yet we must acknowledge that a complete and accurate description of the dialect is impossible with our present materials.[1]

The safest guide is, after all, not the *Palestinian Version*, nor the *Jerusalem Talmud*, but the native words embedded in the text of the New Testament.[2] Unfortunately this material is very meagre, and is rendered still more unreliable through inaccuracies of transliteration. Mr. Gwilliam calls attention to ἐφφαθά, which the author explains by the Aramaic *eppethach* or *eppattach*, but to which Dr. Neubauer prefers the Hebrew *hippathach*.

Meyer, again, favors as a rendering Μαραναθά, "Our Lord come," rather than the usual, "Our Lord has come." It may well be argued that these three sources—*i. e.*, the Aramaic words in the New Testament, the Talmud idiom, and that of the Palestinian Version—"may represent as many dialects, contemporaneous with the form of Aramaic spoken in Samaria, and a modern Hebrew prevalent in Jerusalem."

The third part of the book will be particularly interesting to scholars on account of the reference it contains to one of the most significant investigations now being carried on; I mean Resch's work on the Agrapha. It has been assumed that our Lord's "logia," which, according to Papias, were preserved by St. Matthew in "Hebrew," were incorporated, with slight variations, into our first Gospel. Now, according to Meyer, the *third* Gospel presents material similar in kind but different in content, some indeed exhibiting

[1] Certainly the once popular terminology, "Syro-Chaldaic"—a terrible barbarism—is quite inaccurate to-day.

[2] I take the liberty of referring my readers to an article in the December *Century*, by Mrs. Lewis, on the language Christ spoke. This article, while very popular, is accurate and trustworthy. A good statement of the general character of the words in the New Testament referred to in the text will be found there.

greater antiquity and more indubitable genuineness. Those in the second Gospel are from the same source. Thus there are three attempts at translation. But Meyer discredits Resch's conclusion that an original Gospel in Hebrew, the work of St. Matthew, lay back of all the "logia-tradition." Rather, taking Papias' "Hebrew" to mean Aramaic, he posits "another Aramaic source in the record made by St. Mark of the preaching of St. Peter, which was doubtless delivered in this dialect and translated by St. Mark in Greek." St. Luke's Gospel, which probably did not reach *its present completed* form until early in the second century, contains much material that was not in these sources, but which came either from some other documents or from the oral-tradition. Thus the final shaping of these Synoptical Gospels in detail is obscure. We know there was an Aramaic narrator and an Aramaic writer. But the "real writing of the Gospels did not begin until after the fall of Jerusalem, and there the authors had at their disposal the numerous written sources, probably already in a Greek dress, and the abundant oral-tradition which was regarded as of equal if not of greater value."

Having disposed of this very important question, our author has the following arguments by which to establish his original thesis:

1. The population of Palestine, at the beginning of our era, was almost homogeneously Jewish—certainly this is true of Judea. The Chaldean invasion did not completely depopulate the country, and indeed returning exiles made up its losses. Then, "Hebraism" was reëstablished with the triumph of the Maccabean arms throughout nearly all Palestine;—and even in Galilee where the population was more mixed than elsewhere, the Jews were clearly the dominant race.

2. Herr Meyer's next argument is based on the difficulty, or practical impossibility, of what philologists term "language-shifting," the substitution by a nation of one vernacular for another. The supporters of the theory that

Christ spoke Greek ask us to believe that the Jews adopted this alien tongue, "although surrounded by the Semitic tribes of the South and on the East of Jordan, though bordered by Phœnicians and in perpetual contact with the Aramaic population of Syria." The men of the *Diaspora*, living in Greek lands, did make this change; and precisely this fact constituted one of the principal differences between them and the Palestinian Jews.

3. The witness of the trilingual inscription on the Cross shows that, Latin being the official language, Greek was not understood by all, for a "Hebrew" rendering had to be added—presumably for the benefit of the body of the people. Notice also that St. Peter betrayed himself by his speech; and there is no reason to suppose that the Greek of Jerusalem was dialectically variant from the Greek of Galilee; but there is positive proof that the northern pronunciation of "Hebrew" differed from the southern.

4. A *patrios glossa*, modified from the Greek, is witnessed to by Philo and Josephus. On this Mr. Gwilliam remarks: "Independent testimony is borne by the Syrians. In *Ancient Syria's Documents*, p. 8, the followers of Christ are described as 'Hebrews and knowing only the tongue of the Hebrews.'"[1]

5. Place-names, a perilous argument at the best, as shown by the state of affairs in England, are enlisted. The evidence, however, of such a passage as Acts i: 19 ("in their language that field was called Akel-dama, *i. e.*, the field of blood") is insuperable; and still more significant are the vernacular comments in St. Mark.

In answer to all this, the plea that because Greek was the language of commerce and letters and most of the civilized world, and that therefore it had been adopted by the Palestinian Jews—it may be urged that not only is this des-

[1] The exact testimony furnished by Josephus is this: He tells us that Titus persuaded him to go to Jerusalem during the siege and try to induce the Jews to relinquish their opposition. It was on this occasion that he spoke to them. Τῇ πατρίῳ γλώσσῃ, *i. e.*, ἑβραΐζων.

titute of historical support, but it ignores the whole point of the argument on the other side, which is based on the characteristic racial peculiarities of these same Jews. The author cleverly pricks the fallacy in the statement that the angelic salutation in St. Luke, 1, 28, implies the use of Greek. It is claimed that the alliteration of the passage evidently belongs to an original, because it would be pointless in a translation. He answers, "Although the angel perhaps could not have saluted the Virgin in Aramaic or Hebrew with that precise form of words, it would not be inconsistent with the genius of a Hellenistic translation to have introduced an alliteration in imitation of Old Testament style. Exact rendering was less sought than a clear representation of the sense of the original."

Dr. Meyer thinks that the quotations in the Gospels from the Septuagint, of which much has been made on the Greek side, prove little or nothing. The familiar Greek version would naturally be used by one who wrote Greek, unless some special point was involved in the Hebrew. And indeed many New Testament quotations are made from the Massoretic Text, some from pre—or extra—Massoretic, but non-Septuagintal texts.

It is quite beside the point to deny that Christ could speak Greek; in the face of simply no satisfactory evidence, such a proceeding would be highly uncritical. On the other hand, we can say that Matthew probably could speak it, because his business required it. Luke certainly was a Hellenist; Mark was St. Peter's interpreter, and St. John undoubtedly used Greek during his residence in Ephesus; but as Greek was not the language of Palestine, *it is safe to affirm that it was not the language used in teaching the common people.*[1]

In an "historical survey," (*geschichtlicher Ueberblick*) at the end of the volume, the author gives an account of the

[1] Indeed such a work as the *Vita Porphyrii* clearly shows that even as late as the fifth century of the Christian Era, Greek was not understood by all the inhabitants.

Aramaic dialect, in which he shows that while of course, the New Testament "Hebrew" was not the classical Hebrew, neither was it "Chaldee," which some have curiously supposed was brought back by the returning exiles. It was the resultant of the well-known linguistic laws of phonetic decay, brought about by the contact of the old classical Hebrew with the surrounding Semitic dialects. There is some evidence for believing that a purer language, (perhaps of a hieratic type?) was cultivated in the homes of the Pharisees, and obtained more or less in Jerusalem and Judea. At any rate, attention is particularly called to the recently recovered fragments of Ecclesiasticus which show that a "pure"—might I suggest an "archaistic?"—Hebrew could be written and understood two hundred years before our era.[1] Let me add that in all probability such compositions, while popular in their content, appealed in their literary forms only to small and exclusive strata of highly educated Jews.

On the whole, this fresh and excellent review of the evidence seems to make it fairly certain that our Lord spoke an Aramaic dialect, presumably of the Jerusalem type; and also that the currently received opinion as to the bilingualism of Palestine must be modified so as to restrict that characteristic very largely to the cultured classes.

WILLIS HATFIELD HAZARD.

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[1] The text of this curious fragment is now published by the Clarendon Press, under the able editorship of Drs. Cowley and Neubauer. It is to a certain degree "pure" Hebrew, but it contains a strong admixture of Aramaic words and phrases.

ROMANCE WRITING AMONG THE GREEKS.

PART II.

Leaving the dry fragmentary remains described in the first part of this paper, we pass to an extant text. It is related that Xenophon, of Athens, who was in his way the father of fictitious prose narrative (*pace* the critics of Herodotus), had, at a much later date, three namesakes, who were distinguished by their nationality as the Antiochene, the Cyprian, and the Ephesian. Whether or not the name of Xenophon was real or assumed is of little consequence; for the love-tales of the two first have perished, and of the personality of none of the three do we know anything. Xenophon of Ephesus has, however, left us his "Story of Anthea and Habrocomes" in five books. Suidas speaks of it as having ten, and Rohde suggests that our version is an abridgment of a longer original, perhaps made by the author himself. Certainly a novel of seventy pages is more than usually compressed, and it is in places sketchy and abrupt.

Xenophon's date is variously placed from the second to the fifth century; the indications in the work itself point to an early origin. In the treatment of plot there is some advance upon Iamblichus, though Xenophon seems to have been at a loss how to start his machinery, and the first motive is most clumsily devised. Habrocomes, the son of a prominent citizen of Ephesus, is so intoxicated with pride at the honors paid him by his fellow-citizens for his exceeding beauty, as well as for his character, that he dares to defy even the God of Love himself. Punishment is sure; Eros takes vengeance by causing him to become enamored of a maiden of wondrous charms, who conceives a secret flame for him in return. The passion, unconfessed, consumes their hearts; the parents, in anxiety at the apparent illness of their children, consult the oracle of Apollo at Colophon,

and learn that the two must together endure a fate of wandering and trial, though at the last a happy issue awaits them. The pious parents forthwith celebrate the marriage of their children, and, as if the god were not able to fulfill his own prophecies, send them forth after a little time to meet their fate. The oracle is fulfilled by adventures of many kinds, and manifold temptations; the surpassing beauty of the pair causes all whom they meet to fall violently in love with one or the other of them; but through separation, imprisonment, slavery, and imminent death, they remain true to each other, and are at length reunited in Ephesus, though not until the four pious parents, despairing of the better part of the oracle, have made away with themselves.

The adventures are not badly handled, nor overwhelming in number, like those of Iamblichus. Indeed we might have desired one more, which should tear the lovers from home and from each other for some more cogent reason at the beginning. The scene of their wanderings is limited, unlike that of the earlier tales, to the known world—Asia Minor, Italy, Sicily, and Egypt; but the gyrations of the wandering couple would be in some cases inexplicable, had not Rohde discovered that Xenophon, passing frequently from one to the other, finds it difficult to make the leap unless they are in the same country at the same time. They are accordingly moved up, like chessmen, and hover about as near each other as the children of Israel to the promised land. Yet even this will not excuse their being found at a little place so far out of their way as Rhodes, where they finally met each other, when both are stated to be on the journey from Italy to Ephesus. In general, Xenophon is most at home in the region immediately around his native city.

Unlike Iamblichus, Xenophon is no sophist, though he may have belonged to that class, for in his day it was coextensive with the field of literature. He writes in the popular language, sometimes using Greek that is far from Attic in purity, but expressing himself in a plain and straightforward manner. There is some attempt at representation

of feeling and passion, but the characters have hardly yet become living persons. There are passages that show a lyric grace and power. There are striking poetic expressions, varied by the flattest of prosaic formulas. Altogether, though the new form and material are not yet perfected, romance has already become readable, and to an age that had no better models, if not to our own, of real interest.

Concerning the "History of Apollonius, King of Tyre," which exists only in a Latin form, which it had taken as early as the seventh century, the story was very popular in the Middle Ages; it was told at length by Gower in his "Confessio Amantis," and, with change of the hero's name, furnishes the plot of the Shaksperian "Pericles." The introduction of Gower in that play indicates how closely connected it is with the older poet. For the derivation of the story from a Greek original the evidence is wholly internal, but convincing. Of the name, date, or country of the author nothing can be certainly known. Rohde, in his analysis, finds two very different strata; one the work of the pagan Greek, the other that of the Latin translator, who shows the influence of christianity. To the latter belong, according to Rohde, the criminal love of King Antiochus for his daughter and the riddles familiar from Shakspere, as well as other parts of the story. Certainly the adapter has deviated far from the original. His translation must have been free, often abbreviated, perhaps sometimes expanded. Yet traces remain which show us that by considerable alteration the popular tale of the Latin version has been developed.

The most voluminous, as well as on the whole the best of the Greek romances is the work of Heliodorus, in ten books, entitled "Aethiopica." Respecting the author's life, we have the usual meagre amount of trustworthy information. At the end of his work he signs himself "A Phœnician Man of Emesa, of the race of Helios, the son of Theodosius." We find two notices of him in church historians—a place where one would hardly look for informa-

tion about these love-tales. Socrates, writing in the first half of the fifth century, states that Heliodorus, bishop of Tricca in Thessaly, established the custom prevalent among the Thessalian clergy of putting away their wives after their consecration; "and his are said to be the erotic books which he wrote when a young man and entitled Aethiopica." Perhaps the thought was that the bishop had atoned for his "wild oats" by a celibacy at that time unusual. Nicephorus Callistus, some centuries later, repeats the same story, and adds a still more interesting one. The local synod, on the lookout, as synods are nowadays, for heterodox and dangerous literature, and believing the "Aethiopica" not to be good food for the youthful mind, called upon Heliodorus either to renounce and burn his books or to resign his bishopric. He showed his own estimation of his work by choosing the latter alternative.

Both of these stories are apocryphal. They evidently represent a popular tradition which identified the genial romancer with the austere bishop. This belief would need little more than the identity of name to rest upon, but it may have been supported by the comparatively pure morality of the "Aethiopica," and the fancied traces of christian manners and phraseology. These supposed resemblances are misleading, and it is impossible to believe that the book was written by a christian. The author was thoroughly a pagan. He may have been converted, indeed, risen to a station of eminence in the church, and still clung fondly to the un-christian work of his youth. But his pious feeling for the old gods, especially Apollo, "who is the same as Helios," the romancer's own ancestor, the real absence of all traces of christian influence, his kinship to Apollonius of Tyana and the Neopythagoreans, are sufficient, according to Rohde, to dissociate him conclusively from the bishop of Tricca; and the confusion of two persons of the same name is too common in ancient history to allow us to attach much weight to the evidence for identification. Rohde would place our author in the last half of the third century.

The story of Theagenes and Chariclea has been much read and often translated. Chariclea is the white child of the Ethiopian king, exposed by her mother in terror at the prodigy, but saved and reared by the good priest Charicles. At the Pythian festival Theagenes sees her, and they both fall in love at first sight. With the connivance of another priest, Calasiris, they take flight for Egypt, Theagenes swearing to respect Chariclea during their travels. This flight is the beginning of their troubles—a series of adventures by sea and land, worked up with skill, and terminating, when the captive lovers are about to be sacrificed by the Ethiopian king to the Sun and Moon, in their recognition, release, and happy union.

Heliodorus, to be sure, does not relate the course of events in their natural order. With evident art he follows the epic rule, plunging us at the beginning *in medias res;* then bringing up the earlier part of the story by long narratives. It is chiefly his skill in the invention and development of the plot that has made him the first of Greek novelists. The occurrences of his story are much the same as those of the other romances; but they are treated with an art and freshness which scarcely any of the others could attain to. The tone of the narrative sometimes becomes almost modern, as for instance in the opening passage.

The characters are mostly lifeless, as in all these creations. Chariclea alone is an exception. The work was in later centuries called "Chariclea" from its one striking personage. Heliodorus is of course a sophist: he cannot write without polishing up his sentences until they are as frigid as his characters, and introducing learned digressions, where he sometimes falls into curious errors. His style is pitched upon a key somewhat too high for him, and the spoils of words he has plundered from the poets will not always avail him. His is not the Attic purity of speech; and yet, in the company he keeps, we may give him credit for a fairly good style.

The morality of the work is, as we have said, high; immorality is not entirely excluded among the subordinate characters, but Theagenes and Chariclea are as pure and true to each other as any two lovers can possibly be; and they had the advantage over our enlightened and incredulous age of being able to prove it. To be sure, a romance generally turns upon the trials and rewards of faithful love, and if the love were unfaithful, there would be little left worth putting in a book; but Heliodorus certainly has much higher ideals and a much purer tone than some of the other romancers whom we have yet to consider.

Quite different is it, for instance, with Achilles Tatius. His hero goes through the formalities and even the actualities of marriage with another woman than his lady-love during his period of probation, and receives his reward none the less. Tradition reported that in later life Achilles became a christian, and, like Heliodorus, was elevated to the episcopal dignity. Internal evidence points to the latter half of the fifth century as his date—a time when christianity had pervaded the thought and influenced the morals of the world. Whether Achilles was at any time a christian or not, his work belonged to a department of pagan literature, and is conceived thoroughly in the pagan spirit. The gods, to be sure, are rather meaningless and ineffectual beings, but it was not easy in the fifth century to counterfeit very successfully a serious belief in the old religion. Life, manners, and thought look back to the ancient Greek world, instead of anticipating, as Heliodorus often does, the modern tone. Achilles is a sophist of the sophists; he adorns his work with innumerable digressions, discussions, speeches; he takes his thoughts wherever he can find them, though he borrows most largely from Heliodorus. With all the art he has sought to display, his story has the appearance of a patchwork, wherein little attention is paid to probability or consistency. A monotonous sameness often characterizes the rapid series of adventures; three different times Clitophon sees Leucippe apparently murdered before his eyes; just as often she is

restored to him unharmed. Achilles' most original trait is his extreme realism.

Yet the work is, on the whole, easy and interesting reading. The author's view of life is genial, he is not often tedious, and his narrative, in spite of digressions, flows onward easily and steadily. His rhetorical art, prominent as it is, is not displeasing. None of the romances is a better representative of the class as a whole, and as the story is less well known than that of Heliodorus, we may be pardoned for giving a somewhat fuller abstract of the "Adventures of Clitophon and Leucippe."

The story is told in the first person by a young man of Tyre, who finds the author admiring a beautiful painting of the Rape of Europa in the temple of Astarte at Sidon. Once in time of war, says our hero, whose name is Clitophon, his uncle Sostratus, living in Byzantium, had sent his wife and daughter back to Tyre for safe-keeping. Clitophon is immediately captivated by the beauty of his cousin, Leucippe. At dinner, he feasts upon the sight of her; at night, he is sleepless. He confesses his love to Clinias, his cousin, who from his experience gives him useful suggestions. He philosophically discourses upon love to his slave, Satyrus, in Leucippe's presence, and enjoys her approval. His wooing proceeds apace; he wins a few kisses and caresses from the maiden. But now his father, all ignorant of this new love, prepares for Clitophon's marriage with his own half-sister, Calligone, who was intended for him, but toward whom he has no longer any inclination. At the betrothal sacrifice an eagle snatches the offering from the altar; and this unfavorable portent is soon fulfilled in the abduction of Calligone by Callisthenes, a wayward young man who mistakes her for Leucippe. Clitophon is sorry to lose his sister, but relieved at the postponement of his marriage. He succeeds in gaining an interview with Leucippe in her chamber; they are interrupted by her mother; and though Clitophon escapes undiscovered in the darkness, they find it expedient to flee. In company with Clinias,

the slave Satyrus, and two other servants, they take ship for Alexandria. On board they make the acquaintance of Menelaus, an Egyptian, who is just returning home from a three years' exile for accidental murder. A terrible storm arises; the ship is wrecked; but Clitophon and Leucippe, clinging to a timber, are cast ashore near Pelusium. On their way to Alexandria they are captured by robbers. Leucippe is carried away for a sacrifice; Clitophon falls into the hands of a party of soldiers. The next day he beholds, across a broad trench, the terrible sight of Leucippe disembowelled by the robbers. At night, when they have departed, and the great ditch is filled up, he hastens to the coffin in which her body is placed, and is about to slay himself beside it. He is prevented, however, by the sudden appearance of Menelaus and Satyrus, who resurrect Leucippe alive and unhurt. Menelaus himself, it is explained, had been appointed to perform the sacrifice, and had deceived the robbers by means of a false stomach for Leucippe, and an actor's sword with a retreating blade! Leucippe, now reunited to Clitophon, but not yet ready to celebrate her marriage, is beset by the addresses of Charmides, the general, from whom she dares ask only a short reprieve, and by another soldier, who mixes a love potion in her drink, and brings upon her a raving madness. But the troops are entirely destroyed by a stratagem of the robbers, and the lovers go to Alexandria. Chaereas, a military fisherman who has assisted in bringing Leucippe out of hermadness, and who is also in love with her, invites them to Pharos, and with his friends carries her off thence by force. Pursuing in a ship, Clitophon beholds from a distance Leucippe's head cut off, and her body thrown into the sea. The distracted lover rescues the headless corpse, and buries it with due lamentation. Six months later, when his grief is somewhat assuaged, he meets his cousin Clinias in the market-place, and learns that two days after their flight Leucippe's father had given his consent to her betrothal with Clitophon.

At the same time he is told that Melite, a rich widow of Ephesus, is madly in love with him; in despair and indifference he accepts her and her wealth, but cannot bring himself to consummate the marriage before they have crossed the sea—that element which had separated him from Leucippe. The widow's blandishments do not avail to shake his resolution. When they arrive at Ephesus, Leucippe is found alive, but in servitude and misery on Melite's estate. This time the resurrection is a double one; for Thersandrus, Melite's first husband, who had long been supposed dead, returns, and in jealousy beats and imprisons Clitophon, although the latter, having recognized Leucippe, has been true to her at Melite's expense. The latter discovers his love for Leucippe, curses him in prison, and concludes by begging for a single embrace as the price of his liberty. Clitophon at last yields to her desires, and she in return smuggles him out dressed in her own clothes. Thersandrus, however, recognizes him, drags him off to jail, and goes away to make love to Leucippe. Here he meets with no success, but he causes the report to reach Clitophon that Melite has brought about Leucippe's death. At his trial, Clitophon in despair accuses himself of complicity in the crime; and though the true story is made known to the court by Clinias, Clitophon must, since he has pleaded guilty, be put to death. Proceedings are interrupted, however, by the arrival of an embassy to the temple of Artemis, headed by Leucippe's father. Thither comes also Leucippe, fleeing from Thersandrus; and father, maid, and lover are reunited. They dine with the priest, and relate their adventures, Clitophon carefully concealing the most unfavorable portions of his connection with Melite. Thersandrus demands and receives a new trial of the case, at which he attacks the priest for releasing the condemned Clitophon. After eloquent arguments, it is agreed to settle the whole matter by ordeal in a grotto sacred to Pan. Leucippe is proved a maid, and Melite, by a successful sophism, which the god does not rebuke, is shown not to have been unfaithful "during her

husband's absence." Fortunately no test is required of Clitophon. All now ends happily. Thersandrus, thus defeated, takes to flight, and the trial goes by default. Leucippe explains how another woman, dressed in her clothes, had been beheaded and thrown overboard at the time when Clitophon had seen her supposed murder; how Chaereas, her captor, had been killed in a quarrel and herself sold into slavery. The lovers, with Leucippe's father, return to Byzantium; there their marriage is celebrated, and shortly afterwards, at Tyre occurs that of Calligone, Clitophon's sister, to Callisthenes, who, after stealing her by mistake has wooed and won her honorably.

Such is the tale which in former ages was read so eagerly by emperors, monks, bishops, and laity. This sketch will suffice to give an idea of the average method by which the Greek romances are constructed. Each has something that is original, but very much that is common to it with the rest. Storm and shipwreck, robbers, slavery, enamored pursuers at every turn, apparent murders, which by some jugglery are not such, run through the whole series. The resemblances are so frequent and so close that, while an imitation on one side is clear, it is sometimes impossible in the absence of chronological evidence to tell which is the original and which the copy.

The writer, who styles himself Chariton of Aphrodisias, is wholly unknown to us in his personality; even his name looks like a pretty allegorical pseudonym. He has left us the "History of Chaereas and Callirrhoe" in eight books, composed upon a plan closely resembling that of his predecessors. He differs from them, however, in placing his story in definite historical time, and in introducing real personages. The father of Callirrhoe is Hermocrates, the Syracusan general, who took a prominent part against the Athenians in their invasion of Sicily, was afterwards banished, and finally killed while trying to effect his restoration by force; the time is the close of the fifth century before Christ. The lovers are married at the beginning of the

story; but shortly afterward Chaereas, in a fit of jealousy, kicks his wife so violently that she falls to all appearance dead. In the tomb she revives, but only to be carried away by robbers. This is the beginning of a series of adventures, the most noteworthy of which is the marriage made by Callirhoe, in fear for herself and her expected child, with Dionysius of Miletus.

The story flows simply and plainly on to the end, free for the most part from the rhetorical devices and digressions which characterize the preceding romancers. The style is simple and good, often showing imitation of Thucydides, Xenophon, and the poets. The characters are not sufficiently invested with force and personality—though at the end Chaereas unexpectedly blooms out as a successful gen-general-in-chief in the war between the Egyptians and the Persians.

Far different from any of its predecessors is the "Daphnis and Chloe" of Longus—the Thomas Hardy of antiquity—which is the last of the romances that we shall consider in detail, and to one who can overlook the less worthy features, perhaps the most pleasing of them all. It is a pastoral story, which recalls the simple and equable life pictured by Theocritus rather than the magnificence and tragedy of Heliodorus and Achilles. It is simple, marked by few incidents as life itself is in the pastoral sphere, and flows on easily and good humoredly through the changing employments of spring, summer and winter. The characters are the innocent, easy-going, picturesque people of the fields. Daphnis is a young goat-herd; Chloe tends her sheep not far from him. What more natural than that the free association and the similarity of interests which might not be found in a higher society should inspire love just at that susceptible age when youth is swelling into maturity? There are no conventional restraints here; no inexorable parents; no oracles and cruel fates that drive the enamoured pair restlessly over sea and land. Robbers there are—they are the one thing indispensable in a Greek romance;

but they play a subdued part. There are seemingly no very great obstacles to marriage; but our lovers are only children, and while they feel its vague, restless power, they do not yet know quite what love means. So they are good friends and feed their flocks close by each other's pasture, and share their dinners and their sports, and hate to be long separated from one another; but the full meaning of their fondness is only revealed to them slowly and by experience. At last, of course, they are married, having first been identified as the children of rich and noble parents, by whom they had been exposed in their infancy.

In this pretty little rural tale it is with regret that we recognize the hand of the trained sophist, the master of artificiality. But "Daphnis and Chloe" is, we fear, no exception to the rule that the romance is a product of sophistic rhetoric. At all events, it is a clever and successful piece of work, though the usual faults and absurdities are not entirely eliminated. Good critics, among them Goethe, have judged its *naïveté* genuine.[1]

[1] Goethe's praise is well-nigh unbounded. "That, also, is a masterpiece," he said to Eckermann, "which I have read and marvelled at, in which understanding, art and taste appear at their highest point, and beside which the good Virgil retreats somewhat into the background." "I must acknowledge that I have always read and admired the poem in its imperfect state, without observing or feeling that the proper apex was wanting. But this may be a proof of the excellence of the poem, since what we possessed satisfied us so completely that we never thought of what was deficient." "The book is so beautiful that, amid the bad circumstances in which we live we cannot retain the impression we receive from it, but are astonished anew every time we read it. The clearest day prevails in it." "Then the landscape—how clearly is it given with a few touches!" "The whole poem shows the highest art and cultivation. It has been so well considered that not a motive is wanting, but all are of the best and most substantial kind." "Then there is a taste and a perfection, and a delicacy of feeling, which cannot be excelled. "One must write a whole book properly to estimate all the great merits of this poem, and one would do well to read it every year, to be instructed by it again and again, and to receive anew the impression of its great beauty."—Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe*, March 9 and 20, 1831 (translations of John Oxenford and Margaret Fuller). Goethe knew Longus, however, only in the French adaptation of Amyot's translation by Paul Louis Courier, which he rightly praised as a masterpiece. But the translator's antiquated style quite alters the tone of the Greek.

Of the time and place of the author we know nothing. He is the solitary exemplar of his style of writing—the pastoral romance in prose—and had, so far as we can say, no predecessors or followers in the ancient world. The love of nature which was growing in his day, and which has in our own become such a passion of poetry and painting, has led many modern writers to follow in his track, eminent among whom is Saint-Pierre. "Paul and Virginia" is modelled upon Longus, but a christian purity of thought has purged the whole, and succeeds to the somewhat coarse delight of Longus in the untutored innocence of his lovers.[1] But the fondness for nature and humble life are the same in both; and we must thank Longus for this early attempt to gratify what is distinctively a modern taste. Could any regret be induced that the line of romances has come to an end, except for a few miserable Byzantines, it would be by this charming picture of Daphnis and Chloe.

To the bitter end we must follow, though we may pass lightly over the last poor "shadows of old Greek culture." In the age of the Comneni, Greek life and thought were extinct. The undying Greek tongue was still spoken, but the genius of the men who used it was as narrow as the

[1] On the morality of the romances in general, let us quote, in lieu of any remarks of our own, Chassang: "If the surface of the romance is often impure, they are at bottom almost moral. . . . We must remember that the ancient languages allowed a freedom which ours does not envy them; and Greek manners, happily, are far from being in every point the same as French. In these works there is not much said about duty and virtue, there is no refining upon sentiment, the senses are allowed a part which shocks our modern delicacy; still their heroes struggle more than many others against their passions; they are on their guard against the surprises of the senses, and at the end they triumph over many temptations. . . . While the characters of modern novels, who elevate love to a virtue, do not always respect even the sanctity of marriage, the heroes of most of the Greek romances remain pure amidst a host of perils, and in spite of the obstacles opposed to their union. To be sure, the chastity of the heroes forms a strange contrast with their inclinations to pleasure; . . . and it is not so much lessons of morality that we can look for here, as information about the private life of the ancients."—Chassang, *Histoire du Roman*, pp. 424-5. Mr. Jowett is more forcible than just when he speaks of the "silly and obscene romances of Longus and Heliodorus" (*Plato*, 3d ed., Vol. I., p. 425).

limits of their empire. It was the last feeble flicker of the expiring flame in that deepest darkness which preceded the dawn of modern civilization. In these days of intellectual and political weakness men still studied the models of antiquity, and strove, with feeble brain and groping hand, to copy them; but if originality was impossible to them, skillful imitation was equally so. To one who has plunged himself in this muddy, putrid stream of Byzantine foolishness, the creations of Heliodorus and Charito will for a time appear to be models of power and elegance.

Four of these later romances, all of which were probably written in the eleventh or twelfth century, are preserved to us in whole or in part. The last writer of prose in the list is Eustathius, or Eumathius, as his name is variously given by the manuscripts—not identical with the learned bishop who wrote a huge commentary on Homer. The work of Eustathius, in eleven books—called the "Drama of Hysmine and Hysmenias"—is modelled after that of Achilles Tatius, of which it is, in fact, scarcely more than a caricature. In pedantry, in artificiality and absurdity, the Byzantines have little difficulty in outdoing their models. Achilles had called his work a "bee-hive of stories;" Eustathius describes his as a very "ant-hill of tragedies!" Surely it is not necessary to analyze these recurrences of the same old adventures, or even to state that real character-drawing is a thing scarcely aimed at. At first the heroine is extremely bold and forward; the hero most admirably unsophisticated. As the story advances, the maiden becomes more retiring, and the lover consequently more aggressive; but we doubt whether this is not mere accident, unfounded upon any observation of human nature. Sense is generally subordinated to sound; for the author prides himself upon a "tongue breathing rhetorical fire," and decorates his work with all the antithesis, alliteration, and jingle that the most degenerate descendant of Gorgias could devise. Yet some reward one has for reading him; many a hearty laugh may be had at his very absurdity.

Theodorus Prodromus, or Ptocho (Beggar) Prodromus, as he calls himself, has been sometimes considered to stand just at the dividing point between the old and the modern Greek literature. He lived as a monk at Constantinople in the twelfth century, and wrote other poems besides the "Loves of Rhodanthe and Dosicles." This would-be poem, in nine books, is written in Byzantine iambic trimeter—a measure in which all regard for quantity is lost, and exactly twelve syllables are chopped off for each line with the brainless regularity of a machine. Nothing more tiresome or unmusical could be conceived. Theodorus, in arrangement and incidents, follows Heliodorus. He aims at the martial, heroic tone, but falls flat in the attempt; and he has written one of the slowest and most tedious books in existence, at which one cannot even have a good laugh. He frequently attempts to describe the elements of physical beauty—an undertaking which the earlier writers carefully avoided. For one thing only is he valuable: his language well illustrates the transition from ancient to modern Greek.

Yet, alas the times! even this poor creature could have an imitator. Nicetas Eugenianus himself acknowledges that he chooses as his model "the late philosopher Prodromus." He copies from other sources, too, and introduces an invention of his own occasionally—but inevitably a coarse one. Two of his figures will suffice to characterize him. Love is a bird, caught and held fast in the bird-lime with which the heart is smeared. But better still for us in these days of bacteria and bacilli, Love is a small insect which may be drunk down with water and so infect the whole system. Here is an opportunity for some future Koch!

Of the romance of Constantimes Manasses, in nine books, entitled "The Story of Aristandrus and Callithea," only fragments remain. It was written in the so-called "political" verse—a fifteen-syllable measure, based upon accent, not upon quantity, and thus a genuine modern Greek rhythm. From the extracts that remain we can gather enough to see that the story was based upon the same old

round of adventures, and without waiting to criticise very carefully these poor fragments, we close the book with a sigh of relief that we have reached the end of our dreary journey through the Byzantine world, and that we shall no longer meet these stereotyped robbers and these characterless lovers.

For, even in the Dark Ages, the world was moving on toward a better day. The Crusades, which kept Europe in commotion for two centuries, and swept away much that was old and outworn, seem to have put an end to this feeble Byzantine literature. The vigorous Western nations overran the East, and, with their arms and manners, brought in their fresher literature. In the thirteenth century the tales of chivalry were translated into Greek and widely read; the Greeks themselves imitated them, as they had imitated their classical models. Then, two centuries later, came the destruction of Constantinople, which, like a great explosion, scattered the fragments of classical antiquity over all Europe. In the composite literature which had its origin under such circumstances, the romance took new root, and gradually attained that exalted place which it occupies in the literature of our own generation.

CHARLES J. GOODWIN.

THE PASTON LETTERS.

The letters of the Paston family have, for some time, been recognized as original authorities of the highest value to students of English history. They possess also a special significance to one who would trace the development of those classes of Englishmen who settled America. The correspondence covers the period from 1419 to 1506. The English in which the letters are written is more modern than that of Chaucer, and grows more intelligible as the dates of the letters grow nearer to our own time. Still, it is the English used in ordinary epistolary prose, and its orthography varies with the mood of the writer. It requires a little experience to follow the irregularities of a person who writes "physshed" for "fished," and who uses in the same letter the words "hyt," "hit," "itt," and "it" with interchangeable signification. But the peculiar forms, which at first repel, soon arouse an interest which brings a smile even while it instructs.

Very little remains of the prose which was written during this troubled period, and these letters, while extremely valuable to one who studies the language, are even more so to him who wishes to learn of social conditions, of dress and manners, of armor, weapons and methods of warfare, and of the active practice of law and conduct of litigation at a time when Littleton was at the bar, and when the ancient doctrines so perplexing to modern students were all very real and practical.

We owe the existence of this great collection to a family custom, the beginning of which was due to the character of John Paston, a lawyer and country gentleman of Norfolk. He had found documentary evidence so useful in his law suits that he seems to have carefully preserved all of the letters which he received, and copies of those which he wrote to others. After his death his widow, Margaret,

wrote thus to their son, Sir John Paston; "Your fader, in hys trobyll seson, set more by hys wrytyngs and evydens than he dede by any of his moveabell godys." The habit of the father was impressed upon his sons and followed until, under the Tudor kings, the fortunes of the family had advanced beyond the danger of successful attack.

Nearly every letter forms some link in the history of this family, and there is enough of incident and adventure in the account to justify at least one reading for the story alone, while each number possesses so much individuality as to show the writer's character through his letters and thus make him become to the reader a new and real acquaintance. Though the family rose eventually to the Earldom of Yarmouth, during the whole of this correspondence they are represented by judges, lawyers, esquires, or knights.

The class to which they belonged had no love for the great Norman lords. Their feelings were well expressed by Sir John Fastolf, who desired that his fortified castle, called Caister, should be pulled down rather than be allowed to pass into the hands of one of these oppressors. In 1465, while John Paston was confined in the Fleet prison, his enemies in the country were interfering with the possession of his lands. His wife announced to him what was passing with the words, "Men cut large thongs here of other men's lether." The Duke of Suffolk, about this time, made an entry upon one of Paston's manors, and the Bishop of Norwich sent him word that he had best exhibit his title deeds to that nobleman. The reply is characteristic of that pluck which belonged to the country squires: "Item, let my lord of Norwich wit, that it is not profitable nor for the common well of gentilmen that any should be compellid by an entry of a lord to show his evidens or tytill to his land, nor I wil not begin that example ne thralldom. It is good a lord take sad counsel ere he begyn any sech matter." When word was sent to Margaret Paston, the wife, that she had best sue to the Duke for remedy, she replied thus: "If I scholde sewe for any remedye, I sholde sewe further, and

let the kyng and all the lords of thys land to have knowlech what hathe be don to us."

This Duke of Suffolk (John de la Pole) was the son of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, whose oppressive conduct had been one of the causes of the movement by the men of Kent called Jack Cade's Rebellion. This uprising was not directed against the lords of the manors, as the insurrection of the villeins seventy years before, under Wat Tyler, had been. It was made up of holders of land who had the sympathy of nearly all of the middle classes.

Robert Poynings, who afterwards married a sister of John Paston, was one of Cade's army. Among their statements of grievances was one which declared that "the king's menial servants take the poor people's lands notwithstanding their feoffments and titles." The menial servants here referred to were the great lords by whom Henry VI. was then controlled. The Dukes of Suffolk, of Somerset, and of Buckingham, had been especially obnoxious, but the same conduct characterized the Mowbrays of Norfolk and all the other members of the old Norman nobility.

The Paston Letters form the best existing account of the struggle against their rapacity by the class of country gentlemen; and the gradual change from the violence and oppression of the period immediately after the marriage of Henry VI. to the final supremacy of law and order, when the New Monarchy had been finally established under Henry VII., is here illustrated by the records of a family which saw and took part in it. This whole period is filled by an upward social movement, which began with the demands of the lower classes, during the Wat Tyler insurrection, to be freed from the degrading terms of villeinage, and did not end until the relation called copyhold had generally changed its nature, or been succeeded by leasehold tenure. The former villein then became a tenant farmer, who paid a fixed rent in money, acquired the social rank of yeoman, and was fitted by the training of the next one hundred years, for his colonization of the New World.

Many of those who had once been villeins rose later to rank and influence and therefore naturally desired to conceal the obscurity of their origin. There is some reason to believe that the Paston family exemplified such a rise. Among the papers in the collection is one, probably written by an enemy, which states that the founder of the family "was one Clement, a good, plain husbandman, who lived upon his land, yede at one plough both winter and summer, rode to mill on the bare horse back, with his corn under him; and he had five score or six score acres of land at the most, *and much thereof bond land*; and he wedded Geoffrey of Somerton's sister, which was a *bond woman*. And the said Clement had a son William, which that he set to school, and often he borrowed money to find him to school; and after that he yede to court, and there begat he much good, and was made a Sergeant and afterwards a justice and a right cunning man in the law;"—"and he purchased much land in Paston, and the moiety of the manor and hath the Seignory."

The charge here elaborated may have been untrue; an investigation was made in the reign of Edward IV, and the family seem to have successfully met their detractors; but the details which are spread upon the record, would hardly have required a formal answer, if they had not possessed some verisimilitude, and if an age had not arrived in which villeins might not only become free, but rise to be lords of manors.

That the newly risen class of yeomen possessed strong passions and a high sense of independence is shown by many of the papers. On March 1, 1451, one of John Paston's agents, being unable to collect some rent due from a tenant named Wharles, undertook to distrain for it. The agent reports that—Wharles took refuge "in his moder's house and there I durst not (distrain) for her cursyng." Rents were made difficult to collect by the fact that a tenant was very likely to dispute the legality of the distress which was the only practicable method of their enforcement. The

tenant could procure a return of the distrained goods by means of a replevin writ, as Wharles threatened to do if Paston's agent succeeded in his attempt.

Not less remarkable than the familiarity of the lower class with legal forms is their general education. There are in the collection a large number of letters from persons of low degree, and in the numerous depositions, sworn to by similar persons, which were filed by John Paston or his opponents in their lawsuits, nearly every deponent styles himself "*literatus.*" It is possible that this term signifies acquaintance with Latin, but it is quite clear that a large number of yeomen possessed the ability to read and to write idiomatic English.

Knowledge of law was universal. The whole period was one of contest. It was a continual state of war between individuals. Much of this war was conducted through the courts, and the litigants were usually the country gentlemen. The common law had, ever since the reign of Edward I. been developing in the direction of a science, and it was very necessary that every one who was lord of a manor should possess a good working knowledge of it.

On February 4, 1445, Agnes Paston wrote thus to her son Edmund: "To myn welbeloved Sone, I grete you well and avyse you to thynk onis of the daie of youre fader's counseyle to lerne the lawe: for he seyde manie tymes that hosoever schulde dwell at Paston schulde have nede to conne defend himself." The correspondence is filled with terms familiar to students of institutions and law. There are Courts Baron and Courts Leet, Courts of the Hundred, County Courts and Courts of Oyer-Terminer. There is a curious account of the way in which one of the Pastons made a legal interruption of a Court Baron, by sitting beside the Steward of the opposing claimant and blotting out the record with his finger as fast as it was made. There are assizes of novel disseizin and of mort d'ancestor, bills in equity, injunctions and appointments of receivers, writs of pone, of exigent and of ravishment de garde, wagers of law and inquisitions of office found.

The device by which great families escaped some of the consequences of an attainder, by having all their land conveyed to feoffees, so as to be held to the use of the original owner during his life, and then to such other uses as he should afterwards indicate, was fully worked out and in general operation. The longest and most important legal controversy in the whole collection was that over an oral declaration of uses made by Sir John Fastolf, during his last illness, which was to serve the purpose of a will devising real property, though such wills were not allowed by statute until the reign of Henry VIII.

One of the evils of the time consisted in false verdicts rendered by juries. The only remedy for such a failure of justice was to sue out a writ of attaint against the jury which had thus violated its oath. In 1451 the town of Swaffham petitioned Parliament, alleging that Sir Thomas Tudenham, among many other wrongs, had so menaced a jury, as to force it, through fear, to render a false verdict in his favor. The petition proceeds to state that the townsmen, "for pyte and remorce of their concyencez were loth to serve a writ of attaint," and therefore prayed that the House of Lords would annul the verdict. Tudenham was the leader of a party which, under Henry VI,, had dominated Norfolk and so oppressed the people that the county, during the Wars of the Roses, sympathized with the Yorkists. Tudenham was eventually put to death for his crimes, but the influences which he represented long afterwards kept the country in disorder.

Great men interfered in the lawsuits between small land owners, and *maintained* the cause of one against another. Maintenance still figures as a crime, or at least as a wrong, in the laws of most of our American states, but its place there is due, historically, in great part to the evils of the period now under discussion. These were some of the ill effects of the transition from feudal to modern conditions. In the old days the tenant had received from his lord a protection which was based upon tenure and was compensated by a re-

ciprocal obligation towards the feudal superior. A relation rooted in the soil thus bound all men together. But, in the days of the Pastons this relation had largely disappeared. It was succeeded by one founded upon contract and signified by one's wearing the livery of one's superior and appearing on public occasions as his servant. In return for this the inferior expected to receive, directly or indirectly, maintenance in his lawsuits and support in his quarrels.

During most of the period of the correspondence the Pastons were large landholders, possessing many manors, most of which they held under no superior but the king. One would naturally expect that they would struggle to maintain their position without becoming servants of anyone. A period of independence does at last arrive for them, but during many years they are dependent upon the protection of others. When the Lancastrian party is in control, the Pastons are defended by the Earl of Oxford. When the Yorkists are in power they wear the colors of the Mowbrays of Norfolk. As they own land near the boundary line between that county and Suffolk, they are often harassed by attempts at entry upon some of their manors, made by persons under the influence of the Duke of Suffolk. In defense against these attacks they rely upon the assistance of household servants of the Duke of Norfolk.

In 1450 this nobleman sent to John Paston the direction, "that ye will make you redy to awayte upon us at Ipswich, towards the Parlment, the VIII day of Novembre, in youre best array, with as many clenly people as ye may get for oure worship at this tyme; for we will be there like our estate, in our best wise, without any delay." The tone of this communication is that of a master to his servant. In August, 1485, thirty-five years later and just before the battle of Bosworth-Field, there is a letter in a different style. The then Duke of Norfolk wrote thus to another John Paston who was the son and successor of the one addressed in 1450: "Welbelovyd frend, I pray you that ye met with me

at Bery ; and bryng with you seche company of tall men as ye may goodly make at my coste and charge. Youre lover." There is much in the family history of the intervening years to throw light upon these changed relations.

Sir John Fastolf had by his will devised his castle, called Caister, to John Paston. As a fortification it was an excellent defense against foreign invaders, and as a residence it was worthy of royalty itself. In fact the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., at one time contemplated making it his abode. While Paston was trying to establish his title in the courts, the Duke of Norfolk purchased a pretended claim to it, and sought to gain possession by force. The Pastons did not propose to yield, though the Duke was then probably the most powerful noble in England, and John Paston was his liveried servant. Four professional soldiers were sent up from London to aid in the defense. They are described as " provyd men, conning in werr and can wel schote both gonnes and cross-bowes, and devyse bolwerkys, and keep wacche and warde. They be sadde and wel advysed, saving on of them, whyche is ballyd (bald) but yit he is no brawler. Ye shall fynd them gentylmanly comfortable felowes, and that they dare abyde by ther taklyng."

Young John Paston, aided by these four and by a handful of personal friends and followers, held the castle for several weeks against a siege conducted by the Duke's army of 3,000 men. By the terms of the final surrender the besieged were allowed their lives and goods, horses and harness, and a respite for fifteen days, in which to go where they pleased. They reported that they were forced to surrender by "lak of vitayl, gonepowdyr, menys herts and surete of rescue." Edward IV. had refrained from interfering in this extraordinary contest, because the troubles with Warwick were gathering thickly about him, and the Mowbrays were too necessary to be safely offended.

The Pastons eventually recovered the castle, for at the death of the Duke no male heir survived. The title was

soon recreated in the Howard family, but in the confusion which followed the death the Pastons reëntered Caister, and thereafter retained peaceable possession of it. But before the Duke's death the correspondence shows long negotiations and many an appeal for their rights. Young John Paston had once been a page in the Duke's household, and was very devoted to his Duchess, the celebrated Eleanor Mowbray; but at last, as the negotiations failed, he writes in 1475: "I have gevyn my lady warning that I wyll do my lord no more servysse."

The Howards belonged to the new nobility. Though related to the Mowbrays, they had risen from a social rank no higher than that of the Pastons, and the relations between the two families were thereafter those of equals. There is no evidence in the correspondence that the Pastons afterwards wore the livery of any noble. Their old friend, John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, returned to power with Henry VII., and, though John Paston had probably fought for Richard III. at Bosworth-Field, his fortunes thereafter rose rapidly.

The new monarchy was one of settled government. Statutes were directed against maintenance, the custom of liveries, and the relation which this custom indicated. These statutes were rigorously enforced. The well known story of how the King levied a heavy fine upon Oxford, the man to whom of all others he owed his throne, because the Earl had collected a large number of men in his livery in order that the King might be suitably received, indicates less Henry's fondness for money than his determination to abolish the custom which had so long kept the country in disorder and built up powers which could rival those of the King.

Even before the accession of Henry VII., a considerable improvement had appeared. The Yorkist kings had represented the party of order, and during the reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III. forcible entries and the habit of attending elections "jakkyd[1] and saletted,"[2] and armed with "glystening bills[3]" had gradually diminished.

The class of country gentlemen had the same care for social distinctions which has always characterized an aristocracy based on land ownership. Among their agents was Richard Calle, a yeoman. He was well educated and had collected their rents, managed their tenants, fought by their side, and been in daily association with them all for many years. He accumulated money, and, in his later years, became himself a land owner. While in the Paston family he and Margery Paston fell in love with each other. When Calle applied to her brother John for his consent to a marriage, the latter told him that "he should never have my good will for to make sister to sell candle and mustard at Framlynham."

But a marriage engagement had been entered into between Calle and the young lady. She was treated with great harshness by her mother, in order to induce her to deny the existence of such a contract. Her lover wrote to her: "I suppose, and ye telle them sadly the trouthe, they will not damn their soules for us,—and therefore, goode lady, at the reverence of Godde, be pleyne to them." She was afterwards cited to appear before the Bishop of Norwich and, in his presence, repeated the words that had passed between her and her lover, and stated further that if they did not make it sure, she would make it so ere she went thence: for "she thought in her conscience that she was bound whatever her words were." Her mother refused to receive her on her return from the Bishop, and her name disappears from the correspondence; except that, in her mother's will, written many years afterward, there appears a legacy, to be paid to one of the sons of her daughter, Margery Calle, when he shall arrive at the age of twenty-three years.

The general ability to read and write English, already referred to in connection with the lower classes, was not

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[1] *Jack*, a quilted linen jacket.

[2] *Salet*, a bright helmet.

[3] *Glystening bills*, highly polished pikes having a hook-shaped blade.

limited to those classes. In 1476, John Paston wrote to Lord Hastings on behalf of one Richard Stratton, who was a candidate for the position of clerk of that nobleman's kitchen. He described him as being, not only able to read and write, but well spoken in English, meetly well in French, and "very perfite in Flemyshe."

Young men of the class to which the Pastons belonged were usually sent to Oxford or Cambridge, where they seem to have been instructed by private tutors. Agnes Paston, in 1458, sent a message to the law tutor of her son Clement, praying that if the latter "hathe nought do well, nor will nought amende, he will truely *belassch* him, and so did the last mayster, and the best that ever he had, at Caumbrege." It is quite clear that students learned to use Latin with great facility. John Paston, the lawyer, made most of his memoranda and kept most of his accounts in that language. Among other items in these accounts, one often meets such as the following; "Item, uxori et pueris domi £8, 19s, 1d. Item, pueris Cantabrig, 101s."

An entry of ten shillings paid William Worcester, "equitanti super negotia maritagii sororis," indicates the difficulty experienced in arranging suitable marriages for young women of good families. Negotiations were conducted by the relatives with very little regard to the wishes of the lady most concerned. Her position, while unmarried, is so disagreeable that she seems by no means particular as to her future husband's personal qualities, provided she can somehow enter the state of matrimony.

During the whole period the Pastons were in the position which would now be called "land poor." They owned many manors but were very short of money. Prices, however, gradually rose. Land came to let for from forty-two to forty-eight cents (in our currency) per acre—a rent which was about double that which the villeins had demanded to have fixed by law in 1391. Wheat rose from eighteen to forty cents per bushel. The demand for wool was increasing because of the improvements in its manufacture.

In 1465 John Paston, the lawyer, during his confinement in the Fleet already referred to, wrote to his wife a request that she send him some of the finest worsted, "which is almost like silk," spun in Norfolk, in order that he might wear a doublet made of it, "for the worship" of his native county, in the presence of his fellow prisoners, among whom was Lord Percy, afterward Earl of Northumberland.

The currency of this age was based on the Norman pound (Troy) sterling of silver. This was divided into twenty parts called shillings, and each shilling into twelve silver pence. As the pound Troy at the present day produces sixty shillings, all prices reported by the Pastons must be multiplied by three in order to represent the same weight of silver in modern coinage. The noble which stood for 6s, 8d, and the mark 13s, 4d (old coinage), are denominations often mentioned in the letters.

Much of the wealth was kept invested in jewelry and in gold and silverware. The vaults of the monasteries and the parish churches were used for their safe deposit. Their principal use seems to have been to serve as securities for loans. Mortgages on real property were not very common, but the highest nobles, and even the King himself, often borrowed comparatively small sums for living expenses.

In 1451 Henry VI. borrowed money with which to keep Christmas. In November, 1449, the great Earl of Warwick wrote, asking to borrow £10 or £20, and promises "to send it you ageyn afore New Yer's day wyth the grace of God as we are trew knight." In 1452 the Duke of York pledged to Sir John Fastolf a collection of jewelry and precious stones, which Edward IV. afterward redeemed from Fastolf's legatee. The jewelry was delivered when the loan was made and was accompanied by an instrument much like a modern chattel mortgage.

The feelings generally entertained towards the Church are fairly well represented. The numerous wills indicate an undoubting belief in the value of prayers for the dead. There is frequent complaint because certain monasteries

have accepted testamentary provisions and afterwards neglected to perform the duties which they thus assumed. Margaret Paston, who was a very religious woman, advised her son not to take vows before he was twenty-four years of age. A number of sermons, found among the papers, possess the merit of brevity. Though they contain frequent quotations in Latin of texts from the Bible, they offer little practical guidance for the daily perplexities of the listeners.

There appears to have been some jealousy and a good deal of irritation on the part of Margaret Paston's sons, because of the influence the family priest exercised over their mother, but no doubt appears as to any of the doctrines then taught by the Church. The clergy took considerable part in secular affairs, acted often as executors of wills, and seem to have been quite sharp in all matters of business. They apparently preferred small parishes where their labors would be light and the emoluments sufficient to allow a life of leisure and comfort.

There is, among the papers, an enumeration of the advantages of the living of Oxnead, which might have been intended for a modern advertisement. Among other attractions, it is stated that it is an easy cure, because there are not more than twenty communicants; while the parsonage is convenient and has a dove house. two large fruit gardens. and more than forty acres of arable land, located by a river side, within two miles of a market town, and only six miles from Norwich.

The best edition of the Paston Letters is that prepared by by Mr. James Gairdner of the Public Record Office. It contains a very useful introduction and its notes are a great assistance to the reader. An index which would furnish a more perfect guide to the contents of the letters than is supplied by the present one, which contains merely a list of the persons and places referred to, is all that is needed to fit the great collection for a further usefulness.

CHARLES W. TURNER.

WILLIAM BLAKE—MYSTIC.

PART II.

As much as I understand it, Blake's gospel is a purely psychological one. Man is, roughly speaking, constituted of intelligence, affections, instincts, and vital energy; brain, breast, stomach and bones, let us say, though we are not accustomed to assigning the latter twain a pseudo-anatomical abiding place. If there is something wrong with man, it can only be that he lacks other elements, or that the elements he has do not co-operate harmoniously. Perhaps both diagnoses of his dis-"ease" are right. Blake might put it, that man's four constituent elements work ill together because he lacks a fifth. If he could get this fifth, the other four would so co-operate as to be one—no longer distinguishable. The machine has parts, the organism members. If we have parts, it is because we lack the organizing principle. The organizing principle is the consciousness, (perpetual, normal, serene,) of God. The ideal man does not, according to Blake, think, feel, become aware of unintelligent prompting, bid his body do this or that. He does not distinguish truth, because he knows nought false; he does not distinguish good because he knows no evil; he does not distinguish beauty, because he knows no ugliness; he simply *is* truth, good, beauty; they are his attributes; he knows them directly as himself. To "understand" involves contrast, discord. One has to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good *and* of evil, to have a conscious morality, or a conscience. The perfect man has no conscience. He has knowledge of God as his Self; knowledge of himself as God's. Even between himself and God the distinction is due to his own incomplete development only, to his partial realization as yet of God. When he is perfected, he will not *distinguish* God. The time will have come of which St. Paul writes, when God shall be all in all.[1] He will *be* Him.

[1] 1 Cor. xv. 28.

His last properly human word will be a "declaration" not of human dependence or devilish self-dependence, but of a conscious divine identity. Blake, in a word, is a *Mystic.*

The ideal man is given visions of ideals. His intelligence is crystal-clear. It obtrudes none of its substance between the visions and the rest of the man. It does not assert the existence by refracting the light. It is mere transparency. It is self-denying.

The light passes through the crystal mind, focussed. A spot of fierce heat falls on the affections. They burst aflame. It is not their heat, but the fire of the beam that ignites them. They are fuel to it. They do not declare themselves independent, (as the combustible heart does!) nor do they claim, as planets do, the light for their own. They yield themselves entirely.

The flaming affections, kindled by the transmitted ideal, set the instincts to seething. They do not like polar waters persist in icy self identity. They bubble, they steam. The cauldron of their sea-bed and topaz sky becomes too clear for the vaporized waters. They are furious for work. And lo! the steam issues—torrential energy develops in the mechanism of the body that awaits it. Not like the self-assertive flesh of the corpse. It is pliant, obedient. Its resistance is for the sake of completer obedience. Inertia becomes momentum. It works. And lo! the ideal finds expression in glorious looks, gestures, words, deeds, and heaven sees itself mirrored on earth! For the looks, gestures, words, deeds, there is no motive that belongs to the *man.* He is inspired. God looks, gesticulates, speaks, acts through him. He is not "moral"; he has no standard of good, no choice to make. The choice was made long ago. He has no righteousness, for he takes no credit, nor will receive any glory of another;[1] at all events he is "not good" nor will he let himself be called good.[2] He is "holy"; that is to say he is God! Not he, but God in

[1] John, v 44.

[2] Matt. xix. 17 and Mark, x. 18.

him, who worketh in him both to will and to do![1] To God he ascribes the praise if what is miscalled *his* "Light shine"; for it is his, as a lantern might arrogate to itself its luminousness emitted by the flame; and men, who see him "glorify God" and "his father,' not him; and by so doing they rejoice *him* greatly, whose blissful business it is to set forth His glory alone![2]

Such we might say is the ideal man. Such are not we. Why not? Accepting a "fall," let us give a strict psychological account of it. Understanding the "fall," we shall see our way clear to a "rise." All we shall have to do will be to reverse the process.

Now, if as an evolutionist, the word "fall" vexes your spirit, say instead of it "failure to realize intended perfection"—perfection dreamed of by Nature, and towards which she strives. It is anthropomorphic language I will admit, but if you talk of "affinity" and "energy" you are surely not aware of how much more of that sort of language you could consistently endure if you tried! The plan and the building are very discrepant. What a "fall" when you look, for instance, from the completed architect's cathedral, to the foundations! Yet that "fall" is the beginning of the real "rise"—of the realization, visible above the vast city of New York, of an ideal cathedral!

Now it is exactly with this whole matter that William Blake deals. Only he deals with it not theologically, but poetically and pictorially. All abstracts are concreted by symbolism. Urizen [your and reason(?),] is intelligence; Luvah [love and ah! (?),] is the affectional man; Tharmas[3] is the sum of our instincts and our sense-nature;

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[1] Phil. v, 13, cf. Eph. iii, 20, *et seq.*

[2] John xii, 28, and the entire xviith chapter.

[3] All sorts of derivations have been sugested by ingenious students. Mythology, biblical nomenclature, Rabbinical lore, Ossian, the Kabbala, Hebrew, Greek and German roots, have been tortured to yield etymologies (*e. g.* ur and eisen, original iron, is suggested, for Urizen. Ur and Thon, original clay, for Urthonia. Messrs. Ellis and Yeats prefer "luv," Hebrew for heart, to "love" in deriving Luvah. As for Tharmas, no one

Urthona (earthen, with sonorous vowel changes?) is the living body or rather the vital energy of that body—that which constructs, preserves, and controls it—the physical soul if one may so speak.

Now if these four elements of man were functioning as they should, according to the previously indicated ideal method, intellect would be sovereign in man as man, and immediately in touch with God, the poetic genius, (as Blake calls Him, meaning to suggest One who makes not, but causes self-making—does not give ideas, but causes men to get them, *i. e.*, inspires[1]). The affections would mediate between intelligence and the instinctive sensational soul; and that again between the affections and the physical energy. These relative offices are personified and named. Not the office makes the man, but the man the office. Therefore the true functions are said to have proceeded or emanated from the respective elements, faculties, or souls of man; and are symbolized by four Titanesses, emanations and rightful spouses respectively of the four lords of human nature. Thus Urizen (a state)[2] is wedded to Ahania (a space); Luvah to Vala; Tharmas to Enion; Urthona to Enitharmon. Here we have, so far, eight personages for a symbolical myth. In terms of them we can state much abstruse psychological doctrine, and never for one minute become unpoetical or unpicturesque. It remains to say that when the man is distraught, the faculties, or souls, and their normal functions are separated, miscoupled, and assume unnatural aspects. If a faculty or soul separates from its emanation

seems to have made a probable guess. To derive the name from another personage, whose conception was most likely subsequent, seems hardly prudent. Enitharmon from (z)enith and harmon(y) is intelligible; but Tharmas "docked" from Enitharmon is hardly perspicuous, nor is "Thammuz" a convincing etymology.

[1] Cf. "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," W. B. Yeats' Edition, pp. 171-2, and the invaluable (for the student) "There is no Natural Religion." I, pp. 229-230—(the first seven "Principles").

[2] Messrs. Ellis and Yeats' terminology developing a hint of Blake's; the "state," standing for the "soul"; the "space," for its "function" or relative *position*, so to speak, in the normal man (=the divine man).

or function, they become mutually destructive; the faculty cannot do other work properly, the function cannot be performed properly by another faculty. Adulterous discontent turns into conjugal hatred. Urizen, for instance, becomes a "spectre" and longs for the destruction of Ahania, who is herself no longer an "emanation" but a mere dismal "shadow"—empty; while only in their reunion can either find satisfaction. If the intellect busies itself exclusively with things of sense denying the spiritual, the spiritual aspiration of the man must perish, or be improperly satisfied with emotional nostrums.

Luvah, the affections, when the intellect, Urizen refuses to mediate divine ideals and strives to reduce man to a mechanical system, *i. e.*, to rule affections by prohibitions, instincts by their denial, physical energies by ascetic practices—Luvah becomes rebellious, terrible, maniacal. His new unnatural aspect, due to Urizen's unnatural functioning, constitutes another myth-personage: Orc (=rock, or=cor). He is what the affections become under carnal impulsion and rational repression. Urthona similarly becomes Los(=sol, or sun) when viewed as causing the destruction of systems of thought and conduct illegitimately foisted on man by the materialized intellect. The vital energies constantly break through, and hence acquire a protestant, prophetic character.

Remembering further that none of the faculties or souls could possibly act on the others, and coöperate with them, unless it had affinities with all, every lawful couple, (soul and emanation,) have four sons (elements) with their four daughters (emanations or functions of these sons or elements). This subdivision, or filiation might be carried on indefinitely. Again any number of these "sons and daughters" may be at any moment regarded, from some particular point of view, collectively, and the synthesis personified, and the person newly named. Of such a nature are Urizen's daughters Ona, Elith, and Uvith, according to Messrs. Ellis & Yeats. Mnetha, the ancient mother, is such

a collective personage for all the four souls and their emanations; Har (Adam) for Urizen and Ahania, Luvah and Vala; Heva (Eve) for Tharmas and Enion, Urthona and Enitharmon. But into the intricacies of what Messrs. Ellis & Yeats, after the most patient investigation and sympathetic reconstruction, believe to be the genealogical tree of Blake's myth-deities, we cannot now penetrate. Let the interested reader purchase or borrow their voluminous work and study the matter out for himself.

Now, of course, Blake's personages must inhabit a world of some sort. On no little earth of canal and cabbage-field, commercial city and seaside resort, do they live, and move, and have their being. Still, it is an earth much *like* ours. The continents are there at all events. But all is charged with meaning. The sunrise shall speak of Luvah; and let what happen to Luvah (or Orc) and Vala, the East stands fast as the region of their rightful habitation. The sun at noon, the zenith, the south, towards which the summer sun inclines, are Urizen's in his primal power. If the conscious life begins with the affections, is at full in the inspired intellect, it is last traceable in our instincts and sensations. There we enter through a region of twilight the hemisphere of the unconscious dark. So in the sunset and the West is the home of Tharmas, from England, as point of view, the Oceanic world; while Urthona possesses midnight, the nadir when the sun is in the zenith, the north towards which the sun, when impotent in winter-time, inclines. It is quite noticeable that the life of inspiration, so like, because of its trance-like remoteness from the world of sense and sentiment, is never viewed by Blake, (as so often in mystical systems), as a "forgetting," a sleep, an unconsciousness, or a death. Only positive terms does Blake employ. To an idealist like him, as to Shelley (on whom his mantle fell from the fire-chariot, all unconscious though Shelley was of the spiritual inheritance), unconsciousness were annihilation; and it is safer far to speak of an intenser, transcendent consciousness, at the risk of saying what is

meaningless to one's audience, than from excessive zeal for the supersedence of present conditions of soul-life by those compared with which they are as a death, indulge in expressions ambiguous enough to suggest a Nirvana of non-existence as the goal of evolution.

We have suggested before, in passing, that the sun, fire, (light and heat) and the sense of color; air, winds and clouds, and odors; seas, lakes, rivers, wells, and the senses of touch and taste; the solid earth and the sense of hearing, are also respectively assigned as symbolic provinces to Urizen, Luvah, Tharmas, and Urthona as their birthright.

Now, what could not find expression? Vegetation, of course, belongs to Tharmas. The animals are Urthona's particularly those that haunt caves and prowl at night, that burrow under ground and dread the day. The animals that love green meadows and full sunshine, are on the limits, so to say, of Urthona's animal kingdom towards Tharmas' realm. But Tharmas, lord of waters, has the fishes and the great mammals of the deep on his side of the common frontier. Luvah has the birds of the air. Those like the eagle that eyes the blazing sun, the lark that carols his praises high in rarefied air, are the affections that upsoar and become instinct with celestial intelligence; the nightingale stands for the essential affections, that voice themselves in ecstatic song; the dove that coos monotonously sweet in woodland sense, suggests the affections so helpless, so foolish, so tender that take refuge in instinct; the tame fowl of the barnyard are affections that have been perversely taught to abandon the air, their natural element to live on refuse and offal, smacking of the mere bodily energy; affections that have degenerated into lusts, nor have even the glory of lust, which, as in lion and tiger, is defiance of limitation, mighty assertion of savage self-dependence. As for the bat, a thing of earth, yet claiming to fly, it might serve to render ghastly clear the lust of mere body that pretends to be an affection, but flits about only in the dusk, when the sun of conscious intelligence has forsaken the east, the zenith, toward the

south, and is speeding into the earth's shadow, the midnight at the nadir, the frore north.

One need only add that the colors have also been divided by Blake among his myth-children. Green and pink are the colors of life; respectively vegetable life, instincts; and human life, imaginative and spiritually minded. Red and yellow, the colors of fire and of warm sunshine, seem to be respectively Orc's and Luvah's, passions and loves. Blue, nearest to darkness of all colors, that of the sky, the illusion that seems to shut us in as denizens of a pitiful world,[1] veiling the face of the universe and its God, belongs to Urthona. White and black, which are not colors at all, are significant of abnormal states of the soul; respectively the intellect that admits no place to love, that lives in the arctic snows, at war with Luvah; and the intellect that loses its intuitive light in the materialism of the sense-life, Urizen at war with Urthona. The color of Urizen redeemed is the golden blaze of the sun, both vivid light and heat.

What could not even you and I write in terms of such a magnificent earth-swallowing hieroglyphic alphabet? What a superb freedom of utterance? What hues of meaning—for which no words do, or ever will exist—cannot be subtly insinuated, so that the myth should defy a rendering altogether into the rigidly abstract, unpoetic, unpictorial dialect of psychology and metaphysic!

What are the chief doctrines of Blake? They are readily inferred. But were it not better in an article meant to stimulate curiosity rather than to satisfy, if we said little of a definite sort about Blake's message? Let us give, however, one obvious caution to the student-reader. Do not expect Blake, or anyone, to utter his whole message at once or to keep it before you entire at any moment. One thing at a time, said with all his might; another on another occasion

[1] Hence his saying "the sky is Satan," and that he had "touched the sky with his stick at the end of a lane."

with equal stress of enthusiasm. Each in its turn emphasized by isolation. So all he says must go together. You will often be perplexed by paradox. It is that the truth lies unutterable, save by symbol between half-truths. Every thinker, in the dearth of words, has to give peculiar meanings to familiar phrases.[1] Only by thinking his thought, do we come to understand his terminology. Blake's is at all events calculated to stir the imagination, even if its precise intelligible value have not been revealed to you. It never impresses you as a mere cryptic alphabet, because it is always in some manner suggestive, making a primary appeal to the inner senses. There is his advantage over other prophets, unpoetic and unpictorial. Only, it were surely a pity to rest content with this superficial sense. For the fullest possible enjoyment of Blake one must at least imaginatively (for the nonce) accept his philosophy.

But why is it so difficult to ascertain Blake's meaning? Why such opposite interpretations? Because, as in the case, for instance, of Christian theology, he was wont to assume attitudes in appearance mutually exclusive. "It must be remembered," says Mr. Swinburne, "that Blake uses the current terms of religion, now as types of his own peculiar faith, and now in the sense of ordinary preachers: impugning therefore at one time what at another he will seem to vindicate."[2] But it were fair also to add that Blake was firmly convinced that "his own peculiar faith" *was* the real significance of what the "ordinary preachers" grossly misunderstood. Therefore he felt justified in calling himself a Christian, and justified in being bitterly hostile to the current theology. Having to reckon with the usual corruptions (as he deemed them) of doctrines he as surely deemed divine, Blake felt bound to uphold and tear down; and it was

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[1] Cf. James Thompson, quoted by W. M. Rossetti, in his Memoir of Blake, pp. cxviii-cxix.

[2] Swinburne, *loc. cit.*, p. 212. *E. g.*, Denier of the vicarious atonement, he yet says: "The death of Jesus set me free,"—"To Tirzah." W. B. Yeats' edition, p. 84.

not always possible, not really necessary, to state definitely every time in which sense he was using a theological phrase. Sometimes an epithet would make his sense clear. In "creeping Jesus," as Mr. Swinburne long ago pointed out, we see of course, the sort of "Jesus" men have tried to exalt. Blake abhors him. The Jesus that "takes after his mother, the law"—the hybrid conception of Christianity—a religion that declares the law a curse, yet would judge its adherents by it, rather than by holy enthusiasm and inspiration, the test of apostolic days[1]—he feels duty-bound to oppose with might and main.

> "The vision of Christ that thou dost see
> Is my vision's greatest enemy."

His Christ is the great vindicator of a natural life who preaches to men to be as lily, as sparrow, as little child, as fruitful tree. Faith in the ideal, and hope of manifesting it in one's final perfection—not self-schooling by a set of laws; forgiveness of sins—not the endless legal or illegal vendetta, which were futile; spontaneous virtue—not artificial righteousness; a life from within outward, seeing that the beginnings be right—not from without inward; the setting of desire on things above—not the dangerous starving and impossible killing of desire; indifference to the letter, when sure of the spirit, to the deed, when sure of the will; the essential unity of man and God—not their everlasting antithesis; the radical goodness therefore (not depravity) of human nature, needing only to draw its sap from its true root to become lovely in appearance; as teacher and demonstrator of such doctrines, as preacher of the sermon on the Mount, and utterer of the great prayer of atonement in the garden of Gethsemane, the Christ was to him the Saviour, and in a peculiar sense "the very God."

> "If thou humblest thyself thou humblest Me.
> Thou also dwellest in eternity.
> Thou art a man. God is no more.
> Thine own humanity learn to adore;
> For that is My spirit of life."

[1] Cf. *e. g.*, 1 Ep. St. John, iii. 24 and iv. 13.

So said the Father to the would-be humble Jesus; and Blake adds:

> "I was standing by when Jesus died.
> What *they* called humility, *I* called pride."

For he saw the sublime arrogance of that humility of the Christ, (the humility according to Blake, that Christ would have his disciples learn of him, being humble *as he* was meek and lowly) which professing to be nothing, professes God Himself to be all of him. Blake hated that false humility which is meant (consciously or not) only to bid God and man heap on us praises which we eagerly want, and pretend not to claim only in order to obtain more plentifully from less zealous hands![1]

How wonderfully Blake did preach! In an article, however, like this, without illustrations, or space for plentiful quotation, his clearest teaching can hardly be indicated.

Vast stalks of wheat droop pitifully, heavy for very fullness of ear, in a graceful S-like curve; two naked women, their backs turned to us, with a fury of motion, daughters of whirlwind, within the loop of the vast stalks, leaping on air, blow out of spiral trumpets great blasts of foul blight, which settle about the pendant ears and descend in a liberal fall, hesitant, clinging, defiling, like flakes of pitchy snow.

Can you not understand? The fruit-yielding instincts of humanity, no more erect, snaky in curve because of the hurricane of ill-pent passion, rendered foul and barren by imputations of their inherent sinfulness, that cling to ear and stalk till both rot into the ground!

An old man—hoary hair driven flame-like over his forehead, garments fluttering forward, knees barely able to resist the fury of the wind behind—who peers into the gloom of a vault through a door ajar, fain to take refuge from the storm-black sky, lit only now by lurid cloud-edges; yet afraid of the unexplored mystery, and leaning still, as best

[1] Cf. Whitman's doctrine of "divine pride" necessary to democracy, and to the highest religion.

he can, on some old staff of tradition. But above, unseen of him, out of the vault, bursting the mason's work, branches a stout tree, with all its suggestions of perpetual self-renewal, birds that build nests of love, and sing the glories of the risen sun!

How clear again. Life out of death—nay death, only life; nor in a sense other—for is not the tree, that has its roots in the grave, like any tree? And further, the reason, a dotard, (because he has not sought the beatific vision that constitutes life eternal), may enter the tomb of materialism, but be sure the instincts will spring the arch, and get into the perfect day.

Another illumined page shadows vividly the gruesome condition, at present, of the soul. Around the engraved text, calm below, wind-roughened above, is sea. Below lies outstretched the pitiful corpse of a youth, and snakes wind about the abandoned limbs, and voracious hyenas of the deep grin at it ready to devour. Above, on a rock of the beaten shore, lies a maiden; head and hair and arms hanging lifeless backward; one shining leg still kissed by the salt crests; her breasts lifted shamelessly, poor corpse, appealing to Heaven for pity, while an eagle, with vast sweep of wings to prevent Heaven's eyes filling with tears at the sight, rends greedily with terrible beak her loins.

How suggestive! The intellect, lost in the physical, devoured by lusts that wriggle and writhe on their livid bellies, as they emerge from ooze and slime; and by instincts, ideally intended to obey it, but now masters of it, and its mortal foes. The affections, also dead, resting on the vital-energy, where the instincts agitated by their own unruly elements war with them torn by the sublimest of all, the eagle-affection for the divine, that should be soaring aloft in the heaven of divine imagination. But the intellect is not there, Jove-like to receive the bird, and therefore it descends to lacerate and glut itself on the dead affections themselves. Prostituted intellect, and religious fanaticism battening on the heart! What a terrible two-fold doom!

Father and daughter embracing—white flowing locks that mingle with golden—both, as it were, released from a prison, and being upcaught to heaven in a luminous cloud, enraptured by their reunion of perfect love. That is it. Let not head find fault with heart, nor heart with head. Let them embrace. Let each resume its function. All will be then forgotten; all will be well with both.

A ram asleep; two naked children, one lying beside it, her face hid in the short grass; the other leaning over the ram, his cheek making a pillow for noon-sleep of its white fleece, shadowed only by his golden hair; over them droops a tree as a weeping willow of the churchyard, not for shadow but for grace; in its branches, birds.

If ever a symbol of sorrow, the tree is that no more. It is the sweet melancholy of perfect drowsihead; and on the branches sit birds singing, to show that what instinctive sadness the pure have, is only a nest-home and song-home for the joys of love and aspiration. Reborn by their mutual forgiveness it is as if old father and daughter had become little children once more. For them, body and sense are pure. In their unconsciousness of self, which is sleep, they confidently lay their heads on dewy grass and woolly ram —and all the while in their dreams the song of their purified being thrills and throbs under the inflow of the divine light and heat that comes to them in their "wise passiveness." Intellect and affections do not have to toil and spin. They have no anxieties. They are—that is enough. God is. That is their bliss.

Let us take one more illustrated page.

Below, the dragon-snake twists along at furious rate; his great wise head with long heedful ears turned rearward, his eyes looking back to see if his precious freight be safe. Above, a bank of peerless cloud floats, with the new moon and one star. Riding the dragon-snake are a maiden and two children. High above, in the region over the clouds, flies a swan with straining neck and furious sweep of pinion, bestridden by a youth who—between the wings, under his hair, flying in the

wind, that seem to beckon as it were to all that is behind to follow—looks back into the traversed spaces.

What should this signify, if not the intellect on the wings of inspiration; affections, instinct, sense, and bodily energy, creeping along in the actual world; both, however, bent for the same goal if by different ways and means; the harmonious operation of the king and the kingdom of man towards the hastening of the "one divine event."

How do I know this is what these illumined pages actually signify? It is what they signify to me. Other meanings besides they doubtless have. These are at all events such meanings as they have for one who has come to know the main tenets of Blake. For the deeper student they will have more. Blake himself had to study his work as we, and often no doubt interpreted it with difficulty. We have this on his own admission. He trusted in the law of correspondence; "three-fold vision" was usual, "fourfold" not uncommon.

> For double the vision my eyes do see,
> And a double vision is always with me.
> (With my inward eye, 'tis an old man grey;
> With my outward a thistle across the way.)
> . . . . . .
> Now I a four-fold vision see,
> And a four-fold vision is given to me,
> 'Tis fourfold in my supreme delight,
> And three-fold in soft Beulah's night,
> And two-fold always. May god us keep
> From single vision, and Newton's sleep![1]

A three-fold sense to his symbols there usually is—one on the plane of human social intercourse, one on the plane of psychology, one on the universal, because as man so the Kosmos. On the divine plane, no doubt, at times there are senses of his myths, glimpsed in utmost glory of his "supreme delight" which eluded even Blake himself. That is the penalty we pay for inspiration. We build better than we *know*. Let us also trust the law of correspondence (law, or theory, or working hypothesis, or poetic fancy—be

[1] "Los, the Terrible," pp. 136-138, W. B. Yeats' edition.

it what you please to call it!) Which is simply the thought of order and symmetry of structure in the all. All that is, has organic unity; analogies are therefore to be expected; not similarities of beings, and facts, but of the relations of these. If all this be not so in "reality" (as we say,) it is at all events a sublime poetic dream; and as we would it were indeed realized in actuality (who could help but "wish it true!") let us give Blake love and honor, then, for having realized it in art.

Having hinted at his message through hazarded interpretations of six pages of his prophetic books, let us close this paper with an attempt at interpreting one of the most accessible but difficult poems of Blake. I shall do this merely with the intention of furnishing an example of the method of procedure, not pretending to give an instance of its indisputable success.

The Songs of Experience begin with some manifestly difficult stanzas. I shall furnish the reader with glosses which he is earnestly requested to treat as no part of the authoritative text! Never make Moses responsible for the calculations of an Usher, orthodox arch-bishop though he be, and Irish ecclesiastic to boot!

> Hear the voice of the Bard,
> Who present, past, and future, sees;
> Whose ears have heard
> The Holy Word
> That walked among the ancient trees;
> Calling the lapsed soul,
> And weeping in the evening dew;
> That might control the starry pole,
> And fallen, fallen light renew!

The Bard (=inspired poet) addresses the earth; not the planet, but collective humanity symbolized by the planet. The bard has the intellect open: he *sees* not only the present, but the past, not only the past but the future; for he understands the cyclic law of development, and apprehends every condition and event in the light of cause and consequence; his *ears* (=sense signifying the life energy of the

bodily man) have received the message of that Divine One that is wont to pervade (in the days of human innocency) the instincts and even the sensual life of man; and who calls now through the bard to the "lapsed soul," which might, if it chose, be master of the flesh (= starry pole—the nadir) and rejoice anew in the old light of inspired intellect. The bard cries his message, infected instinctively (=the dew) with grief (=weeping) because in sympathy he realizes as his own the woeful obscuration of the intellect(=evening) in the "lapsed soul," of whom he desires to speak to mankind (=the Earth).

> O Earth, O Earth, return!
> Arise from out the dewy grass!
> Night is worn,
> And the morn
> Rises from the slumberous mass.
> Turn away no more;
> Why wilt thou turn away?
> The starry floor,
> The watery shore,
> Is given thee till the break of day!

The dominion of the flesh (=night) is all but over; from the carnal man, dormant in instincts (=dewy grass), the intellect (=the sun) is about to burst forth to sovereign inspiration (=the zenith) through the free affections (=East);[1] till when thou art given, O mankind. thy wholesome bodily energies (=the starry floor, *i. e.*, the sky that is floor of the spiritual temple) and thy yet pure instincts where they border on, and batter against the flesh, perpetually eroding it (=the watery shore) as trustworthy requiring no reform, and indicating by that which they need to complement them, what the affections and intellect should be, and shall become when the hour of thy illumination has struck (=the break of day).

Let the reader proceed to try the general indications given in this paper (and largely borrowed from Messrs. Ellis and

[1] N. B. the morn=the sun, rising in the east, and mounting toward the zenith.

Yeats, who should not, however, be held responsible for any degree of wilful or inevitable misapprehension of their meaning by the present writer) upon such easy poems as the Little Black Boy, or the Little Girl Lost and the Little Girl Found; then upon the poems contained in Mr. Yeats' beautiful edition; then let him attempt "Thel," and the Prophetic Books.

Now, in conclusion, let me say that the best theory of Blake's system of symbology is that which can deal most successfully without violence, with the greatest number of difficulties. If it be true, as Dr. Garnett would have us think, that Messrs. Ellis and Yeats' labors have been all but in vain,[1] we can only say: "So much the worse for Blake!" For my part I find Dr. Garnett's own account unsatisfactory in the extreme. He thinks Blake did not talk "aimless nonsense *exactly*" (something very near it, though the Doctor seems to imply! ; for all there is to be conscious of in his works is "a *general* drift of thought in some *particular* direction which seems to us to offer a *general* affinity to the thought of the Gnostics." Since, however, the doctrine of the Gnostics (as to its intention) is all but unknown; read of mainly in the distortions of hostile refutations; we may judge of the helpful lucidity of Dr. Garnett's suggestion! His criticism of Messrs. Ellis and Yeats' interpretation of Thel is to say the very least captious.

"In understanding Blake's myth, the first thing is to read him through."[2] The second qualification is to be thoroughly in sympathy with Blake's general view—to have mastered by sympathetic study the literature that influenced him. Few of Blake's critics have really shown that they had these two prerequisites for successful independent interpretation. While I myself cannot honestly claim either (for surely "reading him through" means something like

[1] A pity that Mr. Story (Essay, p. 158,) who can himself so little interpret as a whole Blake's writings should feel obliged to reject Messrs. Ellis and Yeats' expository methods!

[2] E. and Y. Works of Blake. Vol. i., p. 336.

"thorough reading"—and "thorough" is an exacting word) I shall hold on to the skirts of the editors who have so valiantly vindicated Blake and given us, from inchoate manuscripts, that incomparable Book of Vala ("which they fondly deem to be now in proper order")[1]—could anyone have read it and not fondly hoped the editor's fond deeming to be just?—of which let the one who would approach the Prophetic Books try the ninth "night" entitled the "Last Judgment," and if it does not raise in him a great tide of enthusiasm (solar or lunar, who cares?) he can safely conclude, I fancy, that for him the poetry of mysticism—poetry that is rythmic, poetic and pictorial, and yet surcharged with spiritual energy has no attractions.

With a quotation from it let us end our lucubrations, preparatory we trust, to solid studies.

> "If gods combine against *Man*, setting their dominion above
> The Human Form Divine,[2] thrown down from their high station.
> In the eternal heavens of Human Imagination, buried beneath
> In dark oblivion, with incessant pangs, ages on ages,
> In enmity and war first weakened, then in stern repentance.
> They must renew their brightness, and their disorganized functions
> Again reorganize till they resume the image of the human,
> Coöperating in the bliss of many obeying his will,
> Servants to the infinite and eternal of the Human Form."

Such does Blake declare, he, the prophet of the "Poetic Genius," to be the final judgment on all religious ideals, dogmas, gods. If they proceed to be enforced for their own sake, are exaggerated for the purpose of making them "strong," they will be cast out by the spiritual imagination of the race, forgotten, till they lose their absoluteness, appeal humbly for a hearing, urged only for the sake of what they can contribute to man's blissful growth towards that type of manhood, "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ,"[1] which is what man, when he under-

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[1] Wm. Blake, by Dr. R. G., p. 30.

[2] Cf. "The Divine Image," in Songs of Innocence. W. B. Yeats' edition, pp. 54-55, and "The Human Abstract," in Songs of Experience. W. B. Yeats' edition, p. 78.

stands his thought, discovers that he really means all along by "God."

After the superb unrolling of dooms, which are restorations, the Book of Vala ends with the noble prophecy.[2]

> " *Dark* religions are departed, and sweet science reigns ! "

The science of God, to be sure, not the prostration to a man-made mystery, called mystery because of its incredible senselessness, masked by false reverence:

> The good of the land is before you, for mystery is no more.[3]

The science of God, as the goal of human evolution; viz: to know God as one with man, as identical with the eternal man; whom we become day by day if we grow at all, whom to worship is equivalent to hatred for all things unmanly and therefore also ungodly; such was the final vision of the prophet, who passed into the unseen on a chariot of fiery songs in praise of his Maker, in the seventieth year of Swedenborg's New Age, and the 1827th of our Era.

WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE.

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[1] Eph. iv. 13.

[2] Book of Vala. Night ii. ll. 361-370.

[3] Cf. Book of Vala. Night ix, ll. 650-676.

SOME RECENT BOOKS ON SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

During the past two years there has been quite a revival of interest in the history of literary conditions at the South, both before and after the war. This has shown itself in several books that treat of the literature as a whole or that deal with individual authors and their works. In the latter may be included the excellent little edition of the "Select Poems of Sidney Lanier," by Dr. Morgan Callaway, Jr., and the yet uncompleted series of Professor W. M. Baskervill and Professor S. A. Link. Dr. Baskervill's series of "Southern Writers" is a most praiseworthy attempt to furnish biographical data and critical estimates of post-bellum writers. The numbers that have appeared treat of Joel Chandler Harris, Maurice Thompson, Irwin Russell, Sidney Lanier (triple number), and G. W. Cable. They are written in a graphic and entertaining style, and the material they contain is full of value and has been gathered from many out-of-the-way places at a great expenditure of time and trouble. Their critical dicta are thoroughly sane, and following in the wake of the "William Gilmore Simms" of the editor of this REVIEW, they accomplish what he did—they give critical estimates that are impartial and unprejudiced and that are not gushing and without due perspective. Professor Link's series—"Pioneers of Southern Literature" is not so successful. Only four numbers have appeared—"A Glance at the Field," "Paul Hamilton Hayne," "Ticknor and Timrod," and "William Gilmore Simms." These are interesting, but in reading them one feels that they are inadequate. There is a little tendency to gush, and when a writer can give a whole number to Hayne, and only half as much to Timrod (who is seemingly classed with Ticknor—a poet of melody and fire, but hardly worthy to unloose the latchets of Timrod's shoes), the inevitable conclusion is that that writer has failed to appreciate fully historical perspective.

Still, Professor Link's efforts are deserving of great praise, and his series will do much towards reviving the memory of many worthy writers that are now nearly forgotten.

The two books dealing with Southern literature or poetry as a whole that have recently appeared are Miss Louise Manly's "Southern Literature" (1895) and Miss Jennie Thornley Clarke's "Songs of the South," (1896). The first is a history, though there are numerous illustrative selections, while the second is an anthology. Miss Manly's book has had several predecessors—all dating, strange to say, from just after the war when the South was in the throes of reconstruction and literature was at its lowest ebb. Among these one recalls Professor J. Wood Davidson's "Living Writers of the South"—a collection, evidently made with great industry, of biographical sketches and running critical comment, with occasional selections. As far as concerns its critical value it is worthless; in fact, it is a hodge-podge of undigested material and deserves rather to be called a rambling dictionary than a history. It contains many facts of interest, but arranged in such a shape and written with so little regard to perspective that a reader at times almost despairs of getting any profit from it. Mrs. Mary T. Tardy's "Living Female Writers of the South," and "Southland Writers," (Mrs. or) Miss Mary Forrest's "Women of the South," though totally lacking in perspective, are much better written and arranged than Professor Davidson's book. There is but little in them of permanent value, however, as most of the writers of whom they treat are mere exotics.

Miss Manly's book is an improvement over all these. The author seems to realize that it is better to show the intensive rather extensive character of Southern literature, and so her history omits more than mention of a large number of real and so-called authors. Her biographical introductions are well written, though entirely too meagre in some cases; and her selections are generally well made and representative. The list of Southern writers at the end of the book is valuable, though it doubtless contains errors

(which are inevitable from lack of accurate information) and though many of the names have long since been deservedly forgotten. On the other hand, the great defect of the work is that of its predecessors — an utter lack of historical perspective. Hardly any greater stress is laid on a truly great writer like Poe than on a number that can lay no claim to literary preëminence, as for example Robert Toombs. One, too, cannot help wondering at the fatuity that can treat at length Francis Lister Hawks, James Wood Davidson, Henry W. Grady, etc., and can mention only by name George W. Cable and Lafcadio Hearn. The trouble seems to be that the author has not properly distinguished between pure and ephemeral literature — between what De Quincey would call the literature of power and the literature of knowledge. As to the mechanical execution of the book, one adverse criticism must be made: it is disfigured with a number of very crude cuts that do not speak well for art at the South, if they were made here. What possible connection there can be between the picture of a cow-boy on a Texas prairie and a history of literature is beyond this writer's comprehension.

Miss Clarke's book is a worthy compilation and in a sense supplies a long felt want. There have been numerous publications of the war verse of the South, nearly all of which are worthless as poetry, but never before have the best lyrics of Southern poets been collected by themselves. No Northern publication, except possibly the eleven volumes of Stedman's "Library," contains them, and it was very appropriate for Miss Clarke to gather them together. Hardly a favorite poem is omitted, though, to mention one instance, it is to be regretted that Timrod's most charming lyric, "The Lily Confidante," is not there. Still the selection of poets and lyrics is well done, though there is a doubt as to the insertion of certain ones. It is rather hard to see how five "anonymous" poems can be classed as Southern unless it is from their subject and character (which seem certain in only one — "Virginia's Dead") or their place of publication.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's brief introduction is well expressed and to the point, but the editor's note is very inadequate. What was needed was a discussion of the development of poetry at the South — its limitations, defects, and general character. Strong dissent must also be made to the editor's statement: "Where authorship is disputed, I have given the poem without assuming to decide the question." On this basis, she assigns "All quiet along the Potomac" to Lamar Fontaine and "The Isle of Long Ago" to Philo Henderson, notwithstanding that the latter is undoubtedly by Benj. F. Taylor (Miss Clarke has made this correction in a recent number of *The Critic*) and that the weight of evidence about the former is in favor of the authorship of Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers. Mr. Harris and, in a less degree, Professor Davidson have given their opinion that Mrs. Beers was the author — an opinion that seems confirmed by the following letter[1] that has never been published, so far as I know:

"DEC. 3D, 1866.
"255 W. 23D ST., N. Y.

"*Mr. W. G. Simms:*

"My attention was called a day or two since to your volume entitled, 'War Poetry of the South' in which 'The Picket Guard' or 'All quiet along the Potomac' is prefaced by a paragraph in reference to its authorship. The claim of authorship for Lamar Fontaine is no new one to me. Printed copies of the verses in papers from half the states in the Union have been sent me by friends who found such waifs floating about. Surely this mythical Lamar Fontaine cannot sanction such a thing. I can not believe that a Southern gentleman would so far forget the honor and chivalry we associate with the name.

"'All quiet along the Potomac' was written by me in the fall of 1861 for Harper's Weekly and appears in the issue of November 30, 1861. On the books of the Messrs. Harpers appears my name receipting the money for the piece. It became popular and was attributed to many different people, was published in

[1] Contained in the third volume of the "Simms Collections," now in possession of Mr. W. H. Ferris, of New York City, through whose kindness I am able to present this copy.

Boston as Whittier's and claimed in N. Y. for Fitz-James O'Brien after his death. In Harper's Weekly for July 4th, 1863, in an editorial paragraph entitled, 'A question settled' the matter is set right. The poem was set to music in Richmond with Lamar Fontaine's name attached. Mrs. Terhune (Marion Harland) sent it to me last spring with his name erased and mine substituted. In her last book "Sunny Bank" the poem is given at length and a foot-note gives my name. In the volume of War Lyrics published by Bunce and Gregory two years ago my name is given to that as well as another poem which Darley had selected to illustrate.

"But I am sure I need not multiply proofs of a matter which is well known here and that in any new editions you will be kind enough to give my name with the poem.

"Yours respectfully,

"ETHEL LYNN BEERS."

The least satisfactory part of Miss Clarke's book is the biographical appendix. The sketches therein are very scrappy and incomplete, and many of them lack that definite information which might have been acquired by research or correspondence. Their compilation shows the marks of hasty work, and there are several inaccuracies. To mention a few, Theodore O'Hara died at Guerryton, Ala., not Columbus, Ga.; Albert Pike did not die in 1867, but in 1891; Prof. W. C. Richardson is no longer a Professor in the University of Alabama.

CHARLES HUNTER ROSS.

AN OUTLINE OF SOCIAL TELEOLOGY.[1]

A work lately published under the title noted below deserves more than a passing notice in these pages, because it is central in the "stream of tendency." A paraphrase of its title may render its purpose more explicit; it is a study of the "origin and development of the reformer's conscience," or "of the sense of social responsibility"; its sub-title runs, "The Relation between the Establishment of Christianity in Europe and the Social Question." One of the notable signs of our times is a reaching out for some "new religion" on the part of certain leaders of the social movement—a growing conviction that a religious motive or sanction is essential to the success of their propaganda. Parallel with this and yet more significant is the sympathetic attitude of the churches toward the working class—the keen interest taken in its problems and the efforts for its welfare made by eminent religious leaders. Of this fresh responsiveness the work under review is a striking manifestation.

The press-work of the book is admirable. A careful reading reveals very few examples of oversight or haste in proof-correcting, and these chiefly in proper names, as, *e. g.*, the misspellings "Leckey," "Trendelenbury," "Schleiemacher." The author has modestly placed his table of references to his authorities at the back of the volume; we are grateful to him for not pedantically impressing us with it (as some would have done) at the outset, or impeding the course of our reading with numberless foot-notes. We may hope and believe that the fashion of display of sources affected now-a-days by mimics of foreign models will not make much way among us. Every tyro in research knows how easy it is to pile up a list of references to a shelfful of books in the course of a morning's study; to publish it is certainly

[1] *Genesis of the Social Conscience*, by H. S. Nash. The Macmillan Company, 1897.

pedantry—if that be defined as unnecessary display of learning; scholars do not need it, others do not want it—in either case it is superfluous. In the present instance it would be an easy matter to extract the bulk of the authorities from the volume itself; Professor Nash has obviated this by casting them into a table at the end. A rough classification of them may be of interest; they reveal encyclopædic erudition in several languages. Among the ancients and, first, of writers in Greek we have Aristotle, Polybius, Plutarch, Epictetus, and Plotinus; of Latin writers, Cicero, Seneca, Ulpian. Most of the prominent Christian Fathers are mentioned: Hermas, Tatian, Hippolytus, Clement, Eusebius, Chrysostom; Tertullian, Cyprian, Lactantius, Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, and Gregory the Great—and of the schoolmen, Aquinas. Of modern writers and, first, in English we have Hooker, Burke, Tom Paine, Bagehot, Lewes, J. R. Green, Sir Henry Maine, Lightfoot, Martineau, Bosanquet; in French, Rousseau, Quesnay, Guizot, Quinet, De Tocqueville, Montalembert, Janet, Coulanges, Renan, Baudrillart; in German, Kant, Fichte, Uhlhorn, Baur, Zeller, Lange, Paulsen, Harnack, Wundt and Windelband. This list will serve to make plain the discursive character of the book. We note with surprise the omission of any reference to Schæffle and Laveleye; this might be taken to signify that the treatise was purely historical—yet references to present conditions are scattered up and down in it.

One regrets to note the lingering use of the French word, "Renaissance." Professor Nash is apparently resolved to be the last to lay the old aside: he should have dropped the *i* from the word and substited *ce* for *sa*. It has come to pass as Matthew Arnold predicted: men are thinking, talking, writing and finding out more and more about the fascinating movement for which he suggested the perfectly satisfactory English term, Renascence. Its use, now, happily, rapidly becoming general, will spare our ears many saddening efforts to flex stubborn Saxon tongues to the refinements of

French pronunciation—usually resulting in the phonetic enormity, "rennysawnce." Further, according to the canon of pure diction, foreign terms should be abjured in favor of native equivalents; and finally, the use of its French appellation obscures the practical and present, personal and domestic significance of the movement in question.

An historical inaccuracy (easily explicable through a common confusion in the ordinals of centuries) is the misplacing of Proclus the Neoplatonist in the fourth century (p. 106); he belongs in the fifth.

Touching matters of style, the most noticeable and all-controlling characteristic of the book is originality even to eccentricity: vocabulary, sentence structure, figures of speech are all marked by it. In the first paragraph, for example, one is struck by the strange term, "geologian," certainly not in good use; and the author perpetrates verbal coinages such as "downmost," which he repeats to tedium, although a choice of good terms—"lowermost," "undermost," was ready to his hand. A pontifical air is given to some passages by the use of archaic, biblical terms, "yea,' "hath,'" "unto," (connected with this one notes that the little word "I" occurs seven times in the second paragraph); to others a familiar tone is given by contractions such as "there's," and "don't." A common rhetorical blemish recurs with astonishing frequency—"to ceaselessly widen," "to perceptibly lengthen," "to permanently bind;" these examples, taken at random, are sufficient to impress one with the cumbrousness and inelegance of that locution. The sentences are commonly short, and hence the style has an abrupt effect corresponding to abrupt turns of thought. Only too rarely does one discover an example of beautiful and melodious phrasing like the following (p. 36)—perhaps the most beautiful sentence in the work: "Sidney's surrender of the cup of cold water on the battlefield enables us to forget for a while the hideousness of war, and find peace in the loveliness of the deed, as if history had already reached the divine, far off event towards whi ch she slowly labors, and as if the pain of waiting for the perfect were ended."

The most striking and often highly amusing feature of the style is its figurativeness. Herein the author's psychology is revealed: his style is the product of a fusion of thought and imagination so thorough that the two elements are almost indistinguishable; it seems as if he could not think except in figures. The work is throughout a blend of philosophy and poetry; the idea is not clarified and crystallized; instead we find a transcendental, Emersonian suggestiveness.

Let us illustrate this combination of thought, fancy and humor by a few random specimens. From the Germans our author has borrowed a figure quaint to grotesqueness, yet telling (p. 11): "In pouring out the bathing-water of individualism we may possibly spill out the baby,—Individuality." Another version of this idea occurs on page 81: "Spinoza sweeps out the jewel with the dust." "The Robinsonade has become an extinct type of literature — there must be a sweetheart on the other end of the island." "A caucus at the back side of the moon is a part of no man's programme." "The meadow that slopes to the sea confesses its parochial mind." "Homer made a very poor Bible for a Puritan, even after allegory had done its best to provide exegetical rose-water." "If one could get a Calvinist and a satyr to agree to make one man. that man would be Cellini." "Hell is conscience in colors." In the table of contents itself this sportive idiosyncrasy breaks out; "the Isolation of the Moral Ideal in the Monastery, raised the Man without a Grandfather to the Spiritual Peerage."

Turning now to weightier matters; the postulate of the work is that there is a discernible purpose in human history —and that that is, according to the theistic, optimistic, ideal, Hegelian view, the freedom and moralization of the individual. The antithesis to this would be, of course, the fatalistic, pessimistic, agnostic, Schopenhauerian view according to which history is resolved into a kind of weather—and weather never to be explained by any sort of historical meteorology—into blind chance or non-moral necessity involving the complete bondage of the individual.

It is well to have the alternatives clearly presented, for history is destined to become the theatre of future discussion, the battlefield of the mind; all manner of questions, religious, political, literary, aesthetic—questions of biblical and ecclesiastical authority, of social and individual rights—are bound to be carried eventually to the bar of history, that is, the experience of the race; and it is evident that the latter view would practically exclude such appeal. "If, however, it be possible to find a clear thread of purpose running through the time process, be it ever so slight, History itself becomes a drama," and the social question, which might otherwise "appear to be sprung upon our time by economic changes. is seen to be the last chapter hitherto in the history of the Occidental view of the Universe" (pp. 1, 5f). "It is a fair inference that the history of the social question is in organic connection with the history of the idea [of God, *i. e.*,] which has recorded the noblest ventures of the heart and registered its most enduring gains" (p. 14). "Universal history sinks to a physical process unless the individualization of the downmost man be set as its goal. . . . History cannot remain a moral process unless the downmost man become individual. . . . The most ardent socialist would surely go into bankruptcy, if he were not convinced that his cause has roots as deep as history; for if the social question is a patch on history, he must be a patch on society" (pp. 17, 62, 105).

It remains to trace the working out of our author's argument from design in history,—his social teleology. He seeks his point of departure in primitive, prehistoric conditions, taking as his starting-point the Tribe—"the first fighting machine invented by man," by means of which "our race won its first great victories over Nature." The tribe thus forms the dim background of history; it was a first and necessary stage in human life; and for the due fulfilment of its function the individual within it could have no liberty, no rights, but had to be completely subordinated

to the common need. "The Tribe was a mass of humanity, not an organic union of developed individuals." There was no relation save one of antagonism between the members of different tribes, "neither was there any individual as such, inside the Tribe. The old people and the sickly had no rights. Infants brought into the world no value of their own."

We pause here a moment to illustrate the sketchy, suggestive method of treatment of the book, the incompleteness of the analysis: the bondage of tribal woman is not mentioned. It is true that infanticide was common—that children were their father's property—that the aged were not respected but, together with the sick and infirm, were abandoned or otherwise put out of the way—and as a corollary of all this, wives were their husbands' slaves. And indeed what consideration could induce a fighting machine to spare its weak and superannuated members? They would simply be encumbrances in the struggle for existence.

The tie that bound men in a tribal unit was the tie of blood and religion. "Religion, although it could never have been exhausted in ancestor worship, was very largely that," and this religious mortmain held the tribal family as in a vice, prohibiting progress or any change, canonizing ancient custom, denying the present and the individual reason any right, any authority. In India "the tribal ideal, thanks to the environment, hardened into the caste system. The existing frame of society was eternized."

"We can easily see that, if there is ever to be a social question, the individual must be set free from the overmastering grip of the tribal society, and that the present must be emancipated from the tyrannous pressure of the Past"—that, in a word, the cast of the mere fighting machine, its use over, must be broken. "When the cake of habit breaks up, when the Tribe ceases to be the unit, and a man by himself begins to count for one, mental difficulty and its attendant wonder arise. . . . The clarification of self-

consciousness undoes the tribal aristocracy, and this helps to define the elemental man and create a new unit for sociology." The scene of this mental and social crisis—a movement unsurpassed in history for fresh and vivid interest—was the eastern basin of the Mediterranean or, more narrowly, the shores and islands of the Ægean sea, and the time, the seventh century before our era. "In the Mediterranean world, for the first time in history, the individual man was clearly defined. . . . Greece was the home of individuality. . . . Greece was the land where the magic word "Freedom" began its career. . . . Greece worked out the logic of thought. The great colonial movement of the eighth and seventh centuries B. C., the habits of adventure and travel, the restless curiosity that discovered a frontier of experience only to go beyond it, the jostle and collision of local customs, the destructive result of criticism, and the constructive research for the common elements which it made necessary—all these manifold forces brought the Greek mind to the declaration of Socrates that he was a citizen of the world. . . . The widening of the outer world and the deepening of the inner went on together. . . . What Athens, representing Greece, contributed to the campaign against caste was: culture." Philosophy, democracy and science were born in Greece, and grew side by side. The long process of Greek philosophy, political, ethical and natural, issued in the Stoic definition of the universal, cosmopolitan man. In theory equality was won—but power was lacking "to drive the definition home." Throughout Greek history survivals of the old tribal state are plainly visible, and at its close we find an excellent philosophic theory of equal rights for all co-existing with the greatest practical inequalities. Ancient society was based on slavery. "In Aristotle's theory of life, leisure, the mother of culture, must be supported by slaves. . . . A new and far nobler aristocracy, an aristocracy of mind, had driven out the old. It was, however, a downright aristocracy, and took up a strongly sceptical attitude towards

the spiritual capacity of the masses. . . . The philosophic ethic of antiquity lacked the dynamic, the creative, the missionary elements." And so the problem was bequeathed by Greece to Rome.

As the virtue of Greece was in philosophy and culture, so that of Rome was in law. The internal history of Rome was for ages a controversy between two views of law, "a debate between the interests of one class of men, interests which had fortified themselves on the high ground of a sacred past, and so restrained the idea of rights within their own camp, and the interests of a later age and of a different class. . . . When the Ten Tables were published at Rome, it signified that law was to be thenceforward the property of all, no longer the privilege of a few. . . . The thought of a man-made law, as distinct from sacred custom, carried under its heart the belief in the constitutionality of the permanent desires of the lowest classes." The movement of Roman Law was toward an increasing recognition of individual rights, until at length, in the early years of the empire, it was fully prepared to respond to an impulse from Greek philosophy which powerfully accelerated that tendency. "The subject of Stoicism opens straight into the inner life of the Roman Empire, for neither could Stoicism without the Empire have become the great force it was; nor could the Empire without Stoicism have understood itself in terms of law. . . . Stoicism and the Empire join hands. The deepening sense of humanity penetrates the law. The result is the dogma of equality. As far as natural law is concerned, all men are equal. Slavery is against Nature, for freedom is the birthright of man."

By the alliance thus concluded between Greek philosophy and Roman law, an intellectual ideal wins efficacy in the sphere of practical life; the weakness of thought is reinforced by the power and majesty of law. "The reasoned cosmopolitanism of Greek philosophy now gets the support without which the mightiest conception is unable to make its fortune—the support of circumstance." And yet this

union, that promised so much, was powerless to effect the moralization of the individual and the regeneration of society. We need only recall the horrors of the gladiatorial shows and the fact that the agricultural and industrial life of the empire was based ever more and more broadly upon slavery. The contrasts of social life, the insensate luxury of the rich, the debasement and squalor of the poor, beggar description. Philosophy and law together were unable to overcome the prejudice of caste. The Stoics 'were at best, half-hearted in their estimate of the common man. . . . Rome with all her greatness could not outgrow the tribal principle. . . . The apotheosis of the Emperors . . . was a reversion on a vast scale to the tribal religion. The solidarity between the deified Pontifex Maximus and the primitive Priest-King is beyond all doubt. Thus . . . the worship of the Emperor undid the definition of equality that the logic of the Empire demanded."

"As regards the social question, the Greek and the Roman would have been helpless to level the road for it, unless the Semite had come to their aid, organizing and insuring their gains by means of his idea of God." A religious motive, that is, was absolutely necessary to give efficacy to a philosophic concept and a legal postulate. "Israel first presented to the mind the thought of a moral goal for history—a thought foreign to heathendom. . . . Herein is found the mighty difference between metaphysical and prophetical monotheism. The philosophic monotheism of Greece looks away from history and society. . . . But for prophetical monotheism history is not thought away; it is put in the hand of a Holy Will, and thus becomes the abiding material of conduct. . . . The process by which this monotheistic idea was given to men was worked out through the use and growth of a new type of statesmen —the prophets. . . . They might be chosen from any rank. In some cases they were literally men of the people. . . . In all cases they were men for the people." The cardinal points of their preaching were sin, judg-

ment, and redemption — the apostasy of the nation, its punishment by physical and moral forces, and the recovery of a righteous remnant through a great deliverer. "The sense of sin" was "fundamental in the prophetic economy," and 'the thought of sin, pressed home, is an attack upon the aristocratic principle . . . The out-and-out teleologic character of Old Testament religion . . . means that a divine purpose hides within the social present, . . . that the other world is just a storehouse of possibilites which shall some day enter history with reforming power . . . The religion of the Old Testament and the democratic view of things, however they differ as to ways and means, . . do yet in fact have the same sky-line . . . And so the success that crowned the attempt to popularize monotheism was one of the great steps taken by history towards Democracy."

"Greek, Roman, and Jew built the highway over which Christianity marched to conquest. . . . This Biblical organism of ideas took flesh in Jesus of Nazareth. We count the nation happy that has a hero, because in him it sees embodied the deepest tendencies of its past as well as the clearest prophecies of its future, so that through him it knows itself and finds itself. From the point of view of the social question, the Christ is the Hero of Humanity. . . . Viewed as the synonym of God, He is always seen in the society of the outcast and the downtrodden. . . . Here or nowhere is the Supreme Good. And the footsteps of the Supreme Good in time and space lead from the celestial commonness of the carpenter's shop at Nazareth to the redeeming death on Calvary."

The community that the Christ founded was "a kingdom not of this world" in the sense that it "disowned the world's favorite argument, the sword, putting the cross in its place." It brought over from the Jewish church "the dogma that the poor are God's own folk . . . Thus did the market value of the common man rise vastly." Like its Jewish predecessor, the Christian church was totally separate from

any civil power; our author puts a high estimate upon the value of this separation: "The State, in the largest and deepest form that antiquity conld give to it, was not equal to the task of housing the universal individual. Therefore, the separation of Church and State aiming, as it does, to furnish the supply to this demand, may fairly be called the ethical climax of antiquity . . . The larger house built for itself by the universal individual was the Christian Church . . . The Church separated from the State, and housing the outstanding individual, capitalized the gains of Greece and Rome while indefinitely increasing them by means of an aggressive monotheism." It took, that is, the finest principle of Greek philosophy and Roman law, and gave it motive-power through a Semitic religious fervor. In this period "ethical theory and religious experience stored up values in the common man to such an extent that he must needs become a person,—an end in himself, and cease to be a thing,—a means to the development of personality in other men."

In the second century of our era the tendency of thought throughout the empire was all in the direction of dualism, which "means that the world in time and space is not wholly material for the redeeming will and can never become such," and "that man can be saved only by abandoning some part of his equipment. The part abandoned is sure to be the body." The bearing of dualism upon the subject in hand is that thus "the civic world, the laborer's world, loses its sacredness." A powerful and persistent effort was made to establish dualism within Christianity: "the gnostics would have turned the Church into a spiritual club. They stratified humanity. There are souls to whom the deepest truth belongs by right, but the mass of men have no claim to the highest." The church repudiated the aristocratic spiritualism of the Gnostics—their system of religious caste: "according to Christianity, the possibility of highest manhood is pent up within the downtrodden and the brutalized. . . . The presence of an immortal 'soul' in every man gave him in theory a transcendent value."

Unlike the Stoics, "the Christians were whole-hearted . . . in their estimate of the common man. . . . Adversaries like Celsus reproached them for trying to make free spirits out of common clay. . . . Amongst the multitude of inscriptions from the catacombs not one has yet been found that records the burial of a slave or a freedman, although beyond doubt a large part of those whose bodies were buried there belonged to one or the other of those classes. The Christian slave was buried not as a slave, but as a man."

"Baptism was one and the same for all men. It was the pledge of spiritual equality. The Lord's Supper provided one bread for all. . . . The poor were supposed to be of very high price in the estimate of God," and offerings for them became "an integral part of the Eucharistic service. . . . The Christian foundations and endowments . . . looked to all mankind."

By the fourth century the supreme need of humanity had come to be a definition of man, an estimate of the worth of the common man, that should transcend all current political and social definitions and estimates, and "a driving power that should force the definition down through the lowest stratum of society." (This last is a favorite phrase of the author's: he repeats and repeats it again, pp. 3, 106, 126). "The heathen state was unequal to those labors," and accordingly passed them over to the Church. . . . Only a religion possessing entire certitude and claiming absolute verity could answer the second demand of antiquity"—*i. e.*, for 'a driving power." "The establishment of Christianity in Europe creates the Reformer's Conscience . . . gave to men the thought of a moral goal for history. . . . gave a great lift to the market value of the common man. This shows itself in the new value set on human life. The exposure of children and abortion were common heathen practices. The Church treated them both as murder. Suicide was invested with romantic interest. . . . The Church . . . accounted [it] a deadly sin. Again, the Church set her face like a flint against the gladiatorial games."

At this point, the crisis of his argument, Professor Nash loses a brilliant opportunity, commits a serious error, by ignoring the humane legislation of Constantine. This is just what was needed to point his moral, to prove his thesis, to put the cope-stone upon the structure of his logic—which its omission weakens badly. It may be suspected that his high estimate of the temporary value of a separation of church and state blinds him to the benefits of an establishment. The philanthropic strain in Constantine's legislation was the happiest social result of the union of church and state which he accomplished. In its recognition of claims not before regarded, its effort to protect the weak and hapless, it reflected the spirit of Christianity in contrast to the principle of caste so deeply imbedded in ancient law. Women were protected by restrictions placed upon divorce; infanticide was forbidden; slaves were not to be branded on the face as a punishment, and married slaves were not to be separated. This benevolent solicitude was extended even "to the lowest stratum of society"; light and air were to be let into the fetid prisons, and criminals of both sexes were no longer to be herded together but to be confined in separate apartments. Crucifixion was abolished, and gladiatorial shows were suppressed, except in Italy, throughout the empire: the emperor's new capital, Constantinople, was never stained by them.

Here we might close. The impact of Christianity, with its doctrine of the transcendent value of the single soul, upon ancient society engendered the reformer's conscience, began the long, long struggle for social amelioration. "The genesis of the social conscience" has been expounded; this is the gist of the argument, as set forth in the first four chapters or lectures, the first half of the book. The last half really forms a second part, which might with propriety be designated (as suggested at the outset) "the development, or growth, of the social, or reformer's, conscience."

Even from the Arian controversy Professor Nash ex-

torts a contribution to social progress. "The democratic ideal . . . has a very real interest in the debate between Athanasius and Arius over the iota. . . The dogma of the Incarnation . . . affirmed that there is nothing in God which may not come into relation with mankind. It was all in the interest of the common man." And soon thereafter, when with Augustine "psychology assumes the primacy in philosophy, and when the will acquires the primacy in psychology, a most significant step has been taken," for then at last the ideas of Personality and Duty enter the Western mind, and the sense of sin, "a great leveller," becomes instinctive.

During the lifetime of Augustine monasticism was established in Western Europe. It was induced in part by the increasing secularization of the church, but in its deepest aspect it was a retreat from the outer to the inner world, "the isolation of the moral ideal." It was based upon the conviction of an infinite worth in the common man. One might say, employing a favorite term of our author, that it "capitalized" and conserved the gains of established Christianity. The fifth and sixth chapters or lectures—the third quarter of the book—are largely concerned with the ideal drill of the individual that went on within the monastery walls. Liberty, equality and fraternity formed the monastic programme; the author takes some pains to explain the apparent paradox involved in the first term: the vow of obedience ensured freedom, was essential to the success, the existence even, of the ideal. One might add that the other vows liberated the individual from social entanglements. Equality and fraternity were of course perfectly realized: within the convent there was no difference between a serf's and a king's son. Labor was required as essential to perfection; 'the axes of the monks, who made so many broad clearings in the forests of Europe, ring in unison with the axe of the "American pioneer." Within the cloister literature survived the struggle for subsistence through ages of barbarism, rude luxury, and general indifference to learning; there only

could a tradition of culture be preserved. Professor Nash thinks that but for monasticism the church could not have escaped feudalization and consequent corruption of her democratic principle. American scholarship has, happily, left so far behind the ignorant contempt once affected for the monks and the Middle Ages that one need scarcely remark the intelligent sympathy with which our author handles this part of his subject. All the more remarkable, therefore, is the absence of any reference to the wonderful work of Francis of Assisi and the friars.

In the sixteenth century the monk emerged from his cloister, reared a family and took to politics. "The sum of the whole matter is that the individual, fashioned by the combined influences of the Graeco-Roman Empire and the Bible, drilled in the Monastery, called forth from the Monastery by a revival of religion and culture on the one hand and by the growing power of the State on the other, stood free in the open field of history. . . . Protestantism put the Bible in the common layman's hand. . . . The Crown's control of matters ecclesiastical stood for the declaration that the laity were now come of age in the kingdom of God."

After consideration of the levelling power of Puritanism, we pass on, in the eighth and closing chapter, to the eighteenth century: to Rousseau with his religion of enthusiasm for the common man and his theory of a social contract, (which implies a right to criticise every existing form of government)—to Kant, the Copernicus of philosophy and a genuine democrat. In that century the individual shook himself free from all precedent, all convention, and sought to build for himself a larger house.

In our day the forces that favor a new and better social settlement are democracy, the national idea (involving a more spiritual conception of the State), the category of relation in philosophy, natural science, with its immanent view of life, the doctrine of evolution, giving new and hopeful meaning to the idea of change, modern education, which re-

gards the individual as an end in himself. "The missionary forces of society are striving to create individuals in places where now there is a mere gross lump of humanity . . . Only so far as the social movement is in partnership with them, does it have the power of permanent appeal . . . It is a reformation that we need, not a revolution." We need "to know that the hope of a nobler culture for the world is bound up with the draining of the slums," in the existence of which "a city, self-consciously democratic, has its whole creed at stake."

"The social movement draws all its power from reverence for humanity . . . Hence it has religion implicit in itself, . . . and, on the other side, the religious feeling is essentially social . . . It is fast becoming a matter of common remark that the deeper socialism of England and America is looking towards, if it has not already entered into, a religious phase . . . The Christian view of the universe, as it is embodied in the person of Christ, is alone able to endow the principle of individuality with sovereign authority in history."

Such is the substance of this striking essay. It is full of learning, of "nuggets of thought"; it is a veritable mine of information, of quotable sentences; it coruscates with suggestion, opening wide horizons, flashing upon the inward eye long vistas of thought. It is a brilliant illustration of the sort of work that is being done by the younger, the rising school of American scholarship. We are glad to note, during the writing of these lines, that it is about to pass into a second edition,—an encouraging fact, in that it witnesses to the general interest taken in the subject with which it deals: an interest stimulated a few years ago by Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution," and extended by Mrs. Humphry Ward in her "Marcella"—a feminine embodiment of "the social conscience." Professor Nash's is, without doubt, the most original contribution to the discussion yet made by an American. While the differences between them are patent, something in its freshness and

breadth of treatment constantly reminds one of Mr. Kidd's book, and the thesis of both is the same,—that a religious motive is necessary to social progress. Professor Nash makes good his point, that religion has been, all along, the basis of social history, and that religion only, and among religions Christianity only, supplies an adequate definition of man and furnishes the will with power to make it effective. Christianity is, in a word, the synthesis of the ideal and the power to realize it.

It is certainly a question whether our modern industrial system, which regards man as a laboring, money-making machine, is any improvement, morally, upon that ancient tribal system in which he was regarded as a fighting-machine. What consideration has it to spare for women and children, the sick, infirm and old,— inferior producers, or temporarily incapacitated, or past the time of production? Such will be simply industrial slaves or encumbrances. When will the state of war, military and industrial, for blood and gold,— when will the barbarity of caste come to an end, and Personality be universally recognized? No recourse need be had to economic society: our modern plutocratic aristocracy is powerless to furnish a solution. The shuddering interest in the problem and much of the charity of the hour are motived by FEAR. "Eleemosynary relief," it has been said, "never satisfied, never won the gratitude of the working classes." The spirit that surrenders a little that it may secure more is speedily detected and recompensed with contempt and violence. Christianity holds the key of the social question; it alone esteems the poor duly and supplies a motive that will stand every test; it alone can carry healing into slums and crowded factories and waste places of the earth.

GREENOUGH WHITE.

COLLEGE ENGLISH.

Examination Bulletin No. 13 from the University of the State of New York, prepared by Richard Jones, Ph.D., deals with College Entrance English. Doctor Jones has obtained specimen examination papers from some thirty universities and colleges, together with numerous letters setting forth the views, or in some cases the lack of views, of many teachers of English as to what should be demanded of the young man who seeks entrance to a college course in the English Language and Literature. These letters and papers the Doctor has made the subject of his pamphlet, and he has treated them in a somewhat flippant manner, evidently striving to divert the stream of comment, controversy, and miscellaneous cackle that has flowed out of the report of the now famous Committee of Ten into wittier if not wider channels.

But unfortunately there is too little fun in the whole subject to afford much play for wit, though there is humor in the declaration of one of Doctor Jones' professors that the object of the study of language is the formation of character, and pathos in the disbelief of another in the efficacy of any examination at all.

Doctor Jones' fundamental proposition is, "How shall literature be taught?"— but it seems to be the object of his pamphlet to show that contradictory opinions prevail among the teachers with whom he has communicated, rather than to answer the question himself or to allow them to do so. He has labored so assiduously in search of this contradiction that he has made some of his contributors contradict themselves. Thus he gleefully quotes a portion of a letter from one of them which seems to place him at variance with a lecture previously delivered. But when we read the whole letter the seeming contradiction disappears. The professor in question stated clearly that the minute questions objected to by Doctor

Jones are few in number and only asked "to discover whether the student has done asigned work thoroughly or not." So far from abandoning the previous position, it is reiterated strongly, the writer declaring that he values "very slightly that method of instruction which crams our children's heads with facts about literature."

Doctor Jones and his pamphlet both strongly exemplify the fact that much time and talk have been wasted on the whole subject, and that if the people so engaged would stop talking and devote themselves to their work instead, some good might result. When we finish the pamphlet we find ourselves no better off than before, and we contemplate Doctor Jones' state of mind with considerable anxiety. He is evidently quite hopelessly mixed and we wonder if he is ever to emerge from the ruins of the palace of learning, which he has so recklessly pulled down upon himself, or whether like the blind Samson he is to perish miserably in the debris while Yale and Harvard and Podunk gape boastfully upon him with their mouths. For as already indicated we learn nothing from the collection of examination papers, and this is to be accounted for by the very simple fact that Doctor Jones does not understand them himself and has moreover gone about seeking the answer to his question in the wrong way. A right understanding of the data furnished him would have taught him that there is no contradiction as to the result aimed at in all the colleges, while there may be differences of opinion as to the best method of obtaining this result. The professor who requires interpretation of passages and the one who enquires about the meaning of "to come" are both working upon the same lines as those who ask for short essays on Portia and the author of "Silas Marner." All are endeavoring to discover whether they are dealing with callow minds unfamiliar with the art of expression or not. Assure one of them that the applicant can think consecutively and express his thoughts properly and that will be sufficient.

To learn how to use an instrument, to cultivate an ap-

preciation for the masterpieces which have been produced by that instrument, and to obtain some degree of familiarity with those masterpieces, is the task of the student of English.

This task begins when he leans to read and does not end before he is graduated from college. We cannot, therefore, look to the colleges for all of it, or indeed for the most important part of it. Here is where Doctor Jones and most of those who like him are exercising themselves about the subject make a great mistake. The improvement of the present manifestly bad condition of affairs rests far more upon the schools than upon the colleges, and upon the quality of the teaching in those schools, rather than upon any textbooks or systems edited and formulated by college professors.

It would be a strange thing indeed if the teachers of English, or for that matter of anything else, in all institutions of learning required or expected the same things of all their students. It would certainly indicate a lack of vitality in the whole educational system and a woeful absence of anything like intellectual advancement. Doctor Jones has, therefore, made no wonderful discovery nor has he unearthed anything radically wrong in that system. There are undoubtedly certain radical defects but they are not shown in Examination Bulletin No. 13.

The varying character of the examinations merely indicates different conceptions of the best way to discover whether a solid foundation has been laid for the same kind of superstructure. "What the colleges want," is a very simple question easily answered. How they expect to get it is quite another, and though the variety of Doctor Jones' correspondence may add a little spice to the discussion it will do very little toward solving the main problem which after all is, how shall students be prepared for a college course, and is, therefore, a problem of the schools.

Any teacher of such a course will tell Doctor Jones that when the student comes to him, the sole object of an exami-

nation is to discover whether the applicant can formulate in respectable English any respectable thoughts. There would scarcely be a difference of opinion upon this subject, and since this is true, the whole matter resolves itself into a question concerning the preparatory schools and not the colleges at all. The real question, how shall a boy be taught sufficiently and properly to enable him to appreciate a college course in English can be answered only by teachers of boys.

The primary object of a preparatory school is to teach boys to think. It is a defective system which aims at storing an immature mind with facts, whether these be facts in literature or geometry. The trouble with the teaching of English lies just here. It begins with the loathesome diagrams, and the dreary parsing with which the small boy is afflicted and it pursues him through the set rules of rhetoric to leave him at last floundering in the mire of callow criticism which is fed by the shallow stream of his appreciation.

Good English cannot be taught. It is to be cultivated. It is rarely acquired by a disecting process which exposes the nerve, bone, and sinew of the compositions taken under consideration.

The prevailing method of teaching the classics is largely responsible for the difficulty young students have in attaining a good literary style or an adequate literary appreciation. When we add the fact that this method has of late been very generally applied to the teaching of English we have approached very near the true source of the trouble. It is far from the purpose of the present writer to decry the study of the classics, but it must be admitted that the "pigeon-English" translation, the mechanical memorizing of forms, the unmeaning acquirement of rules which must be to most pupils purely arbitrary and senseless, destroy any sense of consonance between thought and expression, and obscure reason. The pupil thus grows to regard language not as a living organism with thought as its soul, but as a spiritless mechanism. It calls into play his memory and, to a certain extent, his discriminating powers but his deduct-

ive and his appreciative faculties are atrophied. This method carried into the mother tongue results in total lack of appreciation of the spirit of a piece of English, and in the inability to think in words, of which the colleges complain. The callowness of reason which lies back of this is encouraged and not corrected by the sort of text-book teaching which prevails not only in the department of English but in all others as well. The deficiency so apparent in English is as real in all departments, though perhaps not so marked, and the fault to be corrected lies therefore in the whole system of preparatory education.

The root of this fault is not far to seek. It lies in a misconception of the true nature of education which is prevalent among teachers and laity alike. This misconception is the false notion that children are sent to school to learn things. It is engendered by the utilitarian spirit of the age, by the eagerness to reach tangible results which is characteristic of the American people and which scorns formative processes of long duration. Thus it is that far too many people have grown to regard education not as a developing but an acquiring process. These people do not inquire how well fitted a pupil is to know things, but how many things he does know. Teaching based on such lines has caused most small boys to regard the Commentaries of Cæsar merely as a sort of lurking place for a hideous verbal monstrosity called oblique discourse, while "Evangeline" is good material to chop up into quarter inch lengths. It has reduced the noble science of geometry to a set of algebraic formulae, and so rendered Plato's advice to would-be disciples utterly meaningless. Most young men cannot write because they cannot think. They cannot discuss literary master-pieces intelligently because they have not learned to appreciate them—they have been too busily engaged in learning other things. Their writing is "aimless and immethodical" because they themselves are so. This is not the fault of the teachers of English, because good English is a habit which must grow like other habits, and have its roots in use and wont.

To learn rules of use in the English class-room and constantly ignore them is of little avail. At home, at play, even in some class-rooms, this is too frequently done, and so all the soul being taken out of the rules they become the dead, dry, detestable matter they are to most young people.

So too, no sort of literary appreciation will ever result from cramming all the Editor's Notes in the numerous editions. This also must be the result of cultivation, and to form it is the hardest task of the teacher of English. What is needed is not talk but teaching—teaching of the kind that literally "leads out." To demonstrate that college examinations differ or even to make them uniform will do very little good. To discuss anything, it must have been realized—grasped in completeness, as it were. So the teacher must induce inquiring rather than acquiring minds. The pupil must be directed in his reading and made to read much. If he cannot do this understandingly and appreciatively, it must be done for him. The dissecting process should not be begun until he realizes that he has something worthy of analysis. He must realize the whole, before he begins the discussion of parts. In order that he may do this, his thinking powers must have been to a certain extent developed and trained, and this task is far beyond the opportunities or even the power of the teacher of English.

Thus again we are brought up against the fact that the deficiency lies in the system of teaching rather than in any failure of instruction in the English department. The attempt to reduce the teaching of English to a system, to provide uniform text books, and treat them on the same lines will result in little good. Literature cannot be treated as so many propositions in algebra or geometry which can bear but one aspect or be susceptible of but one interpretation. It suggests as well as states. The student must be made to feel as well as know. His heart and mind must both be enlisted. When this is done his books become part of his growth, they are assimilated into his character.

He who does not himself feel, can rarely make others

feel, and hence it is that text-books and systems must play minor parts in the teaching of English literature. It is upon the teacher himself that the burden chiefly rests. If he does not enter upon his task with enthusiasm born of his own sympathy, he will fail to arouse any feeling, and therefore any appreciation in his pupils. No system can take the place of this enthusiasm. The acquiring of any amount of bare facts about authors and their works, or the rending of these latter into verbal fragments, no matter how carefully these fragments be gathered up and assorted into figures, tropes, balanced sentences, and such like technical baskets, will never produce the same result, and this result is "what the colleges want and what society needs."

All this is true of any language study, but it is especially true of English. All the Literary Circles, Teachers' Institutes, and Examination Symposia that can be held will never alter its truth or improve the existing state of affairs.

We may conclude, therefore, that the one thing needful is to build up the sacred office of teacher, to add to its character by emphasizing its inspiration, in short to realize that teachers are born, not made. Here is where the blind faith in systems has done most harm. It has invented a machine called the Normal School, which is expected to make of innumerable sows' ears innumerable silk purses all of the same pattern. Teachers are to be made in pretty much the same way that editions are made. Each one is armed with patterns and tape, and goes forth to cut adolescent minds into specified shape by specified rules. Small wonder that the raw material is most often cut bias, and that the result is but flimsy, though tawdry patchwork.

W. H. McKellar.

REVIEWS.

A SAINT OF THE SOUTHERN CHURCH.[1]

In the Oratory of St. Luke's Hall, at Sewanee, there is a complete group of likenesses, portraits and engravings, of the Bishops of the Southern Church who were actually engaged, before the war, in laying the foundations of the University of the South. But these were not only founders of the University; they were the pioneer builders of the Church in all the South and Southwest beyond the two original states of North and South Carolina. They are, besides Bishops Atkinson and Davis, of the Carolinas, Elliott, of Georgia, Rutledge, of Florida, Cobbs, of Alabama, Otey, of Tennessee, Green, of Mississippi, Polk, of Louisiana, Gregg, of Texas, Lay, of Arkansas. Every one of them, except the last, *first* bishops and missionaries in their respective dioceses. The pains and the skill with which these likenesses have been collected and arranged are due to one who, not himself of the South, has made the task a labor of persevering love which could not have been surpassed if he had inherited all its traditions and sentiments.

Precisely what Mr. Greenough White has done in the arrangement of this group of likenesses, he has re-done on a much more serious scale and with rarer skill in the collection of pen portraits in the volume before us. Around the central figure of the subject of the Memoir, Bishop Cobbs, who is portrayed as fully as the materials extant at this late date render possible, are ranged much more in outline but with graphic effect and in perfect proportion those of all the other Bishops associated with him in the pioneer Church life of the Southwest.

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[1] *Memoir of the Right Reverend Nicholas Hamner Cobbs, D.D., First Bishop of the Diocese of Alabama, with notices of some of his contemporaries. A contribution to the religious history of the Southern States.* By the Rev. Greenough White, A.M., B.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in The University of the South. New York: James Pott & Co. 175 pp. 12mo. 1897.

The question naturally suggests itself as to the propriety of the selection of Bishop Cobbs as the central figure in our author's grouping. It would be perhaps a sufficient reply to suggest that the more striking and prominent actors in the drama like Bishops Otey and Polk, were already before the world in biography. But from the author's point of view of the origins of the Church in the Southwest we are persuaded that reflection after reading the sketch will justify on its own merits the choice of the central figure. Hardly Bishop Otey himself, and certainly no other, so embodies in his personal and spiritual composition and history all the elements that were to enter into the life they were to plant. The initial sketch of Bishop Cobbs' antecedents gives occasion for an interesting, though painful, picture of early Church history in Virginia. Of Church parentage, but born in the days of its weakness and out of reach of its nurture; exposed in his youth to the powerful impressions of Scotch-Irish Calvinism, but broadened and softened by later contact and imbued with the catholic mind and spirit of the Prayer Book; then drawn into and made part of the Evangelical awakening which renewed the Church in Virginia, but rising above its later narrowing and intolerant spirit into a more genial churchliness—he combined and illustrated all the formative spiritual forces which were to enter into the Church life of the Southwest.

Our author does ample justice to the heroic and Apostolic Evangelicalism which lifted the Church in Virginia out of the dust of its humiliation, and which culminated in the great Episcopate of Bishop Meade. But he has also traced with a firm, if delicate, hand the general hardening and narrowing of its spirit into the partisan intolerance which made such more catholic minds as Atkinson, Cobbs and Lay ill at ease in their own native air. The successive great inspirations and impulses which have swept through the life of the Church, and which, however diverse in their operations, all come from the one Spirit, were each true in its own day, and only untrue as it refused to be taken up

and enter into the life of its successor. It was only a few of the choicest—and they perhaps because they were not the most energetic and positive—spirits of Virginia Evangelicalism, like the three enumerated above, who could recognize a trace of truth, reason or honesty in the on-coming Tractarian waves. And this, little as it was, was enough to subject them to the distrust of brethren whom they loved and who loved them, and with whom they were essentially at one. Yet our author shows afterwards, with much humor and sympathy, how when Bishop Cobbs was overtaken by another wave of rising Church life, he was himself incapable of comprehending the element of reason and truth in the Ritual Movement as Bishop Meade had been in the case of the Oxford Revival. There is a limit to the member of revolutions one mind can undergo, or of the number of stages it can pass through.

The story of Rev. Mr. Cobbs' pastorate of twenty years in his native state, told in the second chapter, is full of interest as illustrating his personal character and ministry. Especially so to very many of us is that of the central year of the twenty, 1833-4, which was spent at the University of Virginia as chaplain and at the same time as rector of the church in Charlottesville. Our author has brought down for a dozen years the tradition of the impression left upon the University by that single year's service. The present writer can bring it down as many more. He spent three years, coming nearly down to the war, under the material and maternal care of a dear old landlady, residing near the University, who after an interval of twenty-five years never wearied of sounding the praises of her beloved pastor, Mr. Cobbs. The impression produced upon him at the time by her representations and those of others was that to the effort produced by Mr. Cobbs' chaplaincy was first and mainly due the surprising religious revolution which certainly from that time came over the spirit of Mr. Jefferson's University and of the whole community in its vicinity.

In 1843 Mr. Cobbs—now, by the grace of Hobart Col-

lege, Dr. Cobbs—accepted a call and removed to the city of Cincinnati. The causes leading about this time to the expatriation of a number of the holiest and best of the Virginia clergy have been alluded to as an essential part of the minor history of the Church. It was after all but a narrow difference, as we can now see, between brethren equally sincere and equally loving; the parting was in all mutual affection and with much regret on both sides; but still the condition of things was such as to make Dr. Cobbs willing to go to Cincinnati. He was not allowed to remain there long. Within a year, in May, 1844, he was unanimously elected by the Convention at Greensboro to be the first Bishop of Alabama, and was consecrated in October of that year. He had been preceded in the Episcopate, in the surrounding states, by Otey, in 1834, Polk in 1838, and Elliott in 1841, "the great trio of southern bishops—Otey, the Apostle of the Southern Church (he had lately returned from prodigious tours through Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Arkansas and the Indian Territory)—a man of heroic mould, deep piety, true wisdom. The first and last of those properties might seem to have been embodied more conspicuously in the other two—in Polk, the Hero, and Elliott, the Scholar of the Southern Church. And now the group was completed and became four-square by the accession of Cobbs, in whom peculiarly that other quality of saintliness was incarnated. Otey included them all in noble proportions, mental, moral and spiritual qualities, loftiness of character, sanctity of soul, enlightenment of mind—but they were flashed back with more vivid gleam, as from the facets of a prism, by his three compeers. And so they stand, a wondrous group, the apostle, the hero, the saint and the sage: one may look far to find their like. And in their hands, providentially, the future of the Southern Church reposed." Our space forbids further reference to the admirable side sketches of Bishop Cobbs' earlier and later contemporaries.

The financial, political, social and religious condition of

the Southwest in the "era of Speculation," in the midst of which Bishop Cobbs removed to Alabama, is graphically portrayed, both as indubitably attested by the contemporary testimony of eye-witnesses and actors, and also as illustrated in the humorous literature of the day, of which the author has made a thorough study. The difficulties in the way of the introduction of the sober, quiet and educational systems of the historical church into such a community at such a time, handicapped as it was, too, by its humiliating post-revolutionary traditions of un-Americanism and worldliness, cannot possibly be overstated. Instead of our surprise being that to this day there are such meagre results of such labors of such men, it should be that within twenty-five years of the consecration of the first bishop, at the breaking out of the Civil War, the Church was firmly established in eight new dioceses, extending from the Carolinas to Mexico. What of labor, privations, and apostolic zeal and perseverance this means in the pioneers who laid the foundations we are taught in the volume before us.

Perhaps the most valuable feature in the book is the exact and accurate way in which the author traces the evolution in the minds of the Southern bishops, under the stress of actual experience of their one greatest need, of the educational ideas which culminated in the founding of The University of the South. Upon the whole history of this movement from beginning to end we are convinced the last word has been said, and there will be an end of controversy. The great scheme of the University entered upon with so much and such universal enthusiasm and hope, was much more to the Church than an embodiment of the educational necessities. It redeemed the great dioceses, and the widely scattered parishes and missions, and even individually separated members of the church all through the vast area to be represented by it, from a condition of hopeless and helpless isolation and loneliness, and united all in the common inspiration and aspiration of a great purpose. Sewanee was to be the heart of the Southern Church, the source of

its light and the fountain of its life. Precisely as the actual history culminated in this great enterprise, so its inception is the artistic focus of interest in the volume which now for the first time tells the complete story.

Those who have lived, and whose memory goes back through much of the scenes heretofore described will discover very few inaccuracies either of fact or feeling in this book. It is written with as much sympathy as understanding, and its greatest merit is its exact truth. We have with careful search discovered but two small errors, and for neither of these is the author responsible, but sources of authority which he was justified in not questioning.

In the first place, the eloquent and touching words quoted on page 147, and accredited to Bishop Gregg, were written by Bishop, then Mr. Lay. They are descriptive of a striking incident and will live forever as a part of the story of the founding of The University of the South and the motives which originated it. And for that reason the honor of writing them should be given where it is due.

On page 171 there is a brief and very incidental allusion, in describing the conditions immediately preceding the Civil War and productive of it, to the so-called revival at that time of the slave trade. There was unquestionably such a revival, though not by Southern men or vessels, and the cargoes were landed mostly in the West Indies and South America. Our author accepts a statement that perhaps over sixty of these cargoes were successfully landed, though against the better political as well as religious sentiment of Southern people, upon the Southern coast. Those of us who remember — and every one remembers who was old enough at the time — the tremendous sensation produced in 1858 or-'9 by the single landing of the yacht *Wanderer* near Savannah, and the dispersion of her cargo of slaves through the country, will feel at once the impossibility of any considerable element of truth in the statement referred to. The only authority in our reach estimates that not over 500 slaves found their way into the South during all the period in question.

This last criticism suggests the remark that this little history possesses by no means only an ecclesiastical or religious interest. It is a distinct contribution to the general and political and social history as well of the section of which it treats. For with the author no class of facts is disconnected with any other, and to know one it is necessary to know all.

Mr. White may justly enjoy the satisfaction of having, at the last moment, rescued from oblivion and devouring time a memory which ought not to have perished; of having given to such a life — the best apology of Christianity and the Church — a new lease of influence, and sent it on its converting way afresh. To the end of time this essay will be a corner-stone of all subsequent productions in its field; all later investigators will have to make it their starting point. Above all, whatever effort it exerts will be all in the direction of unity. It will make the regions of Church life known, and favorably known in the North; it will set a high example of the possibility of the just, appreciative and sympathetic judgment of one section by another in our common country. Finally, it will tend to bring forward and to strengthen the great cause of Church education in the South.

W. P. DuBose.

"MODERN POET PROPHETS."[1]

Mr. Guthrie's book will be of interest not only to the circle of his friends at Sewanee but to all who care for certain phases of modern poetry. It is a collection of essays, marked by very fine critical insight of a rather rare order — that of the interpreter who is capable of being loyal to his author and yet at the same time loyal to himself. Four of these essays have already appeared in the pages of this Review, and it would be therefore more or less unbecoming in me to speak of them here. Their titles are as follows: "Leopardi and Evolutional Pessimism," "Obermann of Senancour and Matthew Arnold, or Morals Divorced from

[1] *Modern Poet Prophets.* Essays Critical and Interpretative. By Wm. Norman Guthrie. Cincinnati: The Robert Clark Co., 1897. 8vo., pp. 349.

Theology," "The Permanence of Art, or Art and Ontology," and "Realistic Art on the Stage; Gerhardt Hauptmann." These essays subtracted, we have left an Introductory Essay on "Ideal Womanhood in the Masterpieces of Dante, Goethe and Robert Browning," and studies of the "Agnostic Poets of Our Day," "The Prometheus Unbound of Shelley," and "Walt Whitman, the Camden Sage." An appendix of eight interesting notes puts the finishing touch to the volume, which begins, by the way, with a suggestive sonnet of the author's own composition.

It would be more logical, perhaps, to describe and discuss the four essays of Mr. Guthrie, which will form the subject of this short notice, before undertaking to characterize his book as a whole, or to express any opinion as to his general qualifications as a critic; but, as I do not propose to deal with the volume systematically, it will be more convenient to make at the outset such general remarks as seem needed. The first of these is one that I think will be made by almost every reader, to-wit, that it is a pity Mr. Guthrie has not in his style consulted the interests of the public that cares for critical literature. He is hard to understand for a very simple reason. His mind is poetical and carries him along with leaps and bounds, comparable to those of his favorite masters, Browning and Whitman. To the initiated reader this fact makes no very great difference, but Mr. Guthrie will perhaps pardon a teacher of rhetoric for telling him that it makes a great deal of difference to the average reader. The conscientious student of poetry will not be deterred from finishing these essays, if he once begin them, but the mere seeker after intellectual novelties will scarcely be induced to pursue our critic's train of thought beyond a dozen pages. It is true that Mr. Guthrie probably did not have such readers in mind when he wrote his essays, but our grievance against him is, that having so much that was worth saying, he did not endeavor to secure a wider audience for his work. Our author is perfectly capable of writing popularly and at the same time not sacri-

ficing the scholarly and critical character of his studies. He promises us a second and companion volume, and we hope that he will consult the interests, not of the public at large, for that would include the admirers of the late Mr. Roe, but of that fortunately increasing section of our people, that is attracted to good criticism presented in not too formidable a shape. Whatever happens, however, Mr. Guthrie may be sure that his present reviewer at least will read his succeeding volumes with pleasure and profit.

The second point I wish to make is briefly this. Mr. Guthrie too frequently sinks the critic in the interpreter. Interpretation is very necessary in its way, but the interpreter, if he do not wish to be misunderstood and to have his opinions confounded with those of his author, must often stop to play the critic—oftener than Mr. Guthrie does. This is necessary for the sake of the reader as well, for it is idle to suppose that a person of average culture can be expected to do his criticising for himself, to gauge the author interpreted, and to understand the attitude of the interpreter. I am quite sure that a good many of Mr. Guthrie's readers will not supply the running criticism that his own acute mind kept making as he wrote his pages on Shelley and Whitman, and that the results may be unpleasant, if not to the half-cultured reader, at least to our too sympathetic essayist. I do not believe, of course, that a person who knows anything of modern philosophical speculation will find much to cavil at in Mr. Guthrie's presentation of his subjects, but I should not wonder at all if some of his unsophisticated readers were to imagine that his theology is an amorphous compound of Shelleyism and Whitmanism. Mr. Guthrie will naturally reply that it matters little what such unsophisticated readers think, but I am not so sure that we can any of us afford to despise a body of honest souls that constitutes fully nine tenths of the American reading public. Such people must have sound criticism along with all sympathetic interpretation of obscure poetry, and I do not think that Mr. Guthrie has sufficiently looked after their needs. But let us examine the four essays themselves.

The one that appeals to me most strongly is that entitled "Agnostic Poets of Our Day." In this Mr. Guthrie first considers these poets as a group and then gives short appreciations of the work of Clough, Swinburne, Rossetti, and Arnold. I have been particularly struck by the felicitous way in which our author combines these widely differing poets into an essay that thoroughly preserves its own unity, and I have been very much pleased and instructed by his subtle analysis of the specific contribution of each poet to the solution of the spiritual problem of the age. I could wish that Mr. Guthrie would give us in his next volume a parallel study of the "Theistic Poets" and bring out for us as far as may be the points of likeness and contrast offered by Browning and Tennyson

To Browning he has already devoted several pages of the Introductory Essay on "Ideal Womanhood." His analysis of the characters of Pippa, Pompilia, James Lee's Wife, and "Lyric Love" is good, but we have had much of this sort of thing before and I think Mr. Guthrie had better confine himself to work that other people cannot do so well as he. He has done this in his essay on the "Prometheus Unbound" and I must confess that while I do not at all share Mr. Guthrie's almost unbounded admiration for this poem, I feel that he has thrown considerable light on some of Shelley's least understood characters and ideas. Mr. Guthrie's explanation of the function of Demogorgon is certainly suggestive and perhaps as convincing as is possible under the circumstances, and he has had the grace not to rave over the artistic qualities of the vaunted fourth act. In his dislike of formal criticism—a dislike too openly and contemptuously expressed—he does not, of course, take sufficient account of the deficiencies of the "Prometheus" as a work of art, but this is only saying that our interpreter has the defects of his qualities. Yet the "Prometheus," whatever its faults, is surely a noble poem, and Mr. Guthrie may congratulate himself on having treated it excellently on some of its subtler sides.

The Whitman essay shows our author in his most fearless mood and will thus subject him to most captious criticism. He has recanted some previously expressed opinions of a very hostile nature and has completely gone over to Whitman's camp. He now sees logical consistency where before he saw only the incoherent utterances of a blatant egoism, and like all new converts he is eager to atone for his former lack of sympathy and comprehension. There can be no doubt that Mr. Guthrie is now nearer the truth than he was before, and it is a pleasure to acknowledge how thoroughly he disposes of those critics and readers who can see no ordered system of thought and purpose in Whitman's writings; but it is open to doubt whether he has established Whitman's claims to be a master poet or whether he has fully traced out all the consequences that must follow from our acceptance of Whitman as a prophet. He has done much to show us that Whitman may have a prophetic message for some of us, if we only know how to discount it (if I may borrow this very prosaic business term) and he has proved in a few well conceived pages that he is not blind to Whitman's sins against the divine art of poetry and against that still diviner thing—the sense of human decency—but I fear that taking it as a whole this palinode to Whitman may prove to be, so far as most of Mr. Guthrie's readers are concerned, very strong meat for babes. I am glad Mr. Guthrie has written so instructively on Whitman, yet I wish he would supplement his work by an essay sufficiently critical (rather than interpretative) to keep American women from forming "Whitman Circles" as they are beginning to do even in our conservative South. But whether we read Whitman or not, we shall all of us, men and women alike, find much to please and instruct us in Mr. Guthrie's admirable volume, which I must now dismiss with the regret that I have not been able to review it more adequately.

W. P. Trent.

SOPHOCLES AND SHAKSPERE.[1]

It is ever pleasant to read an essay dealing entirely with the artistic side of Greek tragedy, and the pleasure is increased when such an essay comes from the pen of one whose other writings are mostly philological or grammatical. Such pleasure one has in reading Mr. Horton-Smith's essay on the art of Sophokles compared with that of Shakspere. The small volume is in strong contrast with the author's article in the current number of the *American Journal of Philology* tracing the origin of Latin *haud* and Greek *οὐ*.

The volume, now published in its completed form, is, as the author tells us, "An exercise for the Members' Latin Essay Prize in the University of Cambridge, 1894, and, having been successful, is now printed by request." It is, therefore, not altogether a popular essay, for it is written in Latin and is likely to be read only by those whose Latin studies have proved an avocation in the press and needs of their regular vocation. A careful perusal of the book will, however, amply repay anyone who is sufficiently interested in literature, especially in these two great tragedians, to recall his college days and freshen his knowledge of the Latin language.

The student of ancient tragedy should live in ancient times. He should be thoroughly imbued with the conditions of life and of art, with the peculiar bent of the public mind and its demand upon the dramatic writer, with the material which lay open for his use, and above all with the religious spirit that permeates all Greek literature, if he wishes to be in anyway accurate in his estimation of these great tragedies. In a comparison of ancient tragedy with modern, he cannot do better than keep constantly in mind the following words of Stapfer.[2] "L'abondance nouvelle, inconnue aux anciens, de sentiments, de faits, qui devaient entrer

[1] *Ars tragica Sophoclea cum Shaksperiana Comparata.* By Lionel Horton-Smith, B.A. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes. 1896.

[2] Paul Stapfer. Shakspeare et les tragiques Grecs, 1889. Introduction p. 4.

dans des compositions telles qu'Hamlet ou le Roi Lear, a brisé naturellement le moule de la tragédie de Sophocle, et un art différent est né, qu'il ne faut mettre ni au-dessous, ni au-dessus de celui des Grecs, mais admirer, comme celui des Grecs, pour les beautés qui lui sont propres et dans les conditions historiques particulières à l'un et à l'autre."

That our author has fully appreciated these words and had them constantly in mind, is shown throughout his book, but especially in such words as the following, which we quote from the concluding chapter: "Dissimillimi ergo Sophocles et Shaksperius, huius enim ars tragica multiplex, simplex autem illius; diversae quidem artes sed ita ut neutri laudem amplissimam recusare possimus."

As Shakspere is the greatest representative of modern tragedy, so Sophokles is the greatest representative of ancient tragedy and Mr. Horton-Smith could not have made a better selection of tragic authors for comparison. Sophokles has been called the "Pheidias of tragedy" and the ancients spoke of him as *ὁ τραγικός*, just as they spoke of Homer as *ὁ ποιητής* or of Pindar as *ὁ λυρικός* or Aristophanes as *ὁ κωμικός*. With Aischylos, tragedy was ever in the circle of the gods, with something of an epic coloring. With Euripides, a decadence had already set in, there was a visible lack of art and a too frequent infraction of Horace's well-known warning

> "Nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus
> Inciderit."[1]

While Sophokles was so purely artistic and so thoroughly a representative of the high style of the ideal Pericklean age, that the Scoliasts tell us, *μέλισσαν αὐτὸν ἐκάλεσαν οἱ κωμικοί*. Hence no tragic writer of ancient times can be found so peculiarly suitable for a comparison with Shakspere, and it seems needless to say that among representatives of modern tragedy, Shakspere, of whom Ben Jonson said he had an excellent fancy, brave notions and gentle

[1] Ars Poetica 191 and 192.

expressions, stands preëminently fit for a comparison with Sophokles.

The author finds Aristotle's definition of tragedy, *μίμησις πράξεως*[1] as too narrow, and would very justly change it into "non tantum actionis, sed etiam mentis humanae, unde velut e fonte omnis emanat actio, imitationem."[2] We say very justly, for such a definition as Aristotle's does not altogether fit ancient tragedy, where we often find deep psychological study, much less the tragedy of Shakspere, where every variety of human thought and passion plays an important part.

Contrasting the love of Haimon and Antigone with that of Romeo and Juliet, the author says: "Hi necessariis suis neglectis, civitatisque ipsius immemores, amorem quasi iure freti divino solum venerantur. Illi autem iura fratris, iura civitatis amori longe anteponunt."[3] In these words, the author seems to have lost the spirit of the Greek tragedy and to have been carried away by the entirely different circumstances under which Haimon and Antigone and Romeo and Juliet loved. That there is a vast difference, we acknowledge, but the circumstances also were vastly different. Romeo and Juliet opposed only the storm of human wrath, while Haimon and Antigone, especially the latter, opposed divine wrath. There were no *iura fratris*, no *iura civitatis* in Antigone's path, they were *iura dei*. The laws of state she broke in "daring a righteous crime." Kreon's proclamations she flung to the winds. Her one thought was to please the gods, with whom she had a longer time to dwell than with those on earth. All else was subordinated to this purpose. She was not to bury Polyneikes merely for the sake of burying him, but because it was a religious duty imposed upon her. The *iura fratris*, if such existed, existed only as a consequence of the *iura dei* and might equally have been *iura matris*, *iura sororis* or *iura necessa-*

[1] Aristot. Poet. vi. §9.

[2] p. 3.

[3] p. 28.

riorum. They were the unwritten and eternal laws of God, not the laws of man or state, which, she distinctly tells us, being human, were not so strong as to put aside these divine laws. Haimon also was impelled by the divine law working through his father. Recall Antigone's noble speech to Kreon,[1] recall that beautiful chorus beginning *Ἔρως, ἀνίκατε μάχαν*[2] and then let us contrast the love of Haimon and Antigone with the love of Romeo and Juliet, at the same time remembering that the English drama is preëminently a play of passionate love, around which the whole action centres, while the Greek drama is a play of religious duty and a subordination of all things to the laws of God. Ismene is the first to mention Haimon, not Antigone, who does not speak of love till she is going to her death. The laws of God still rule her spirit. Here, however, humanity asserts itself and she laments her unhappy, unwedded lot in words not altogether different from those of Juliet, when she calls upon the old nurse, after Romeo has left her. We are willing to grant there is a difference, but not so much to the disparagement of the Greek play as the words quoted suggest.

In considering the absence of prose in the Greek drama, the effect of which we have all, perhaps, noticed from our constant reading of Shaksperian tragedy, the author rejects the usually assigned causes for this absence and suggests that the cause lay in the fact that artistic prose was not at that time sufficiently developed to warrant its being taken up into tragedy. Perhaps Mr. Horton-Smith is correct in his suggestion, but we are loth to believe that such a master of language as Sophokles, at least, could not have moulded the language sufficiently to render it suitable for passages in which we should expect prose, and we must therefore accept such a suggestion with caution.

The author is no friend of those critics who find fault with anachronisms and slips in geography: who puzzle

[1] Soph., Ant., 450 ff.
[2] Id. it. 781 ff.

their brains to set right chronologies that are not worth setting right and strive to make poetic geography tally with Strabo. We are also glad to see that he is no less hostile to those critics who regard as inartistic Sophokles's use of the *deus ex machina* in the Philoctetes, and that he takes Mr. Jebb's view that only a god could untie the knot and reconcile human piety with the purpose of the gods.

We regret very much that limit of space prevents our pursuing further so pleasant a subject, and in conclusion, we may add that the book is peculiarly free from misprints, is well made, printed on good paper and in clear type, and written in an easy and flowing style upon which the author is to be congratulated heartily.

CHAS. W. BAIN.

THE LARGER LIFE.

If this volume of sermons[1] has any *raison d' être* it is to be found in these words of Bishop Vincent, of Ohio, in his introductory notice. "This book is a reverent effort to set forth the profound as well as the sweet reasonableness of Christianity."

One cannot read very far without endorsing the Bishop's words. There is here no "faultless fear for the faith," no quibbling, no dodging of living issues. While others are trembling for the "Ark of God," Mr. Murphy sees in the feverish unrest and intellectual impatience of the age the workings of an earnest, inquiring spirit which is seeking for the truth, and his book is an attempt, and we believe a successful attempt, to show that Christianity is essentially a reasonable and rational faith. However much men may love God with their hearts, unless they also love Him with their brains their affection for Him is, at best, incomplete and onesided. If the book is open to criticism in any particular it is here. The appeal is made so entirely to the intellect as almost to ignore the affections. Feeling and con-

[1] *The Larger Life.* Sermons and Essays. By the Reverend Edgar Gardner Murphy. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

science are unduly subordinated to reason and intelligence. As sermons, therefore, they are lacking in some of the essentials of good preaching. They are rather a collection of short studies on religious themes. As such, we have found them very stimulating and suggestive. There is scarcely a page which does not contain food for reflection, and occasionally one runs across a passage which is so strikingly original that immediately a chain of ideas is set going in the mind which for the time being makes one quite forget the author and his book. The sermon on "The Brother of the Prodigal" contains some passages of rare power and beauty. The statement at the conclusion of the sermon that the Parable of the Prodigal Son may not be accepted as the "ultimate parable of the Christian Church," is almost startling in its originality. And until we understand what the preacher means, we have for him almost a feeling of resentment for having dared to point out what might be considered a deficiency in this incomparable story. To quote his own words, "The story of the prodigal, however, is peculiarly the story of thc Father and the returning Child, of God and the individual life. As such in spite of its spiritual truth, in spite of its literary preëmince in all the descriptions of the reinstatement of the soul, it may not be accepted as the ultimate parable of the Christian Church. For the Church exists as the expression of a truth more precious even than this—for the home in which the welcome comes to the returning son, not from the father only, but from the Father and the brother. The truth of the Church is not only the father's compassion, but the brother's hand. It is a truth which finds its parable, perhaps, in a certain passage from the history of a neither famous nor conspicuous life—in an old man who learned his lesson late, but simply too in the manner of a Child. He comes into an upper chamber, in the Damascus that then was, and speaks to one who had been the antagonist of his faith; to one who had given his youth, his power, his fine reliance, his delight and diligence of soul, against the Christ. Here to this young man, the

elder speaks and says: "The Lord hath sent me unto thee, *Brother* Saul, receive thy sight." This is the parable of the Church of Jesus Christ. This passage is thoroughly characteristic of the author and furnishes us with an excellent example both of his thought and style. The style of the book is one of its greatest charms. Flowing, graceful and picturesque it is, and one finds oneself borne along upon the tide of thought with a delightful sensation of being able to enjoy both the matter and the manner.

When there are so many good things and so many things well said it would be useless to multiply examples. The two sermons on the Bible deserve to be especially commended for their fearless frankness and sound sense. The Bible is defended from misuse and misconception and the obvious fact is pointed out that the primary purpose of the book was not to teach doctrine. "The primary doctrinal purpose of Scripture is not belief, but the believer; not creeds, but the man of creeds." "The Bible is the revelation of persons to persons, of mind to mind; a revelation of facts and not of intellectual forms. Moses is more important than the law. David is more important than his kingdom. It is the men of old that the Bible puts before us. First the moral man and then the truth of morals; the immortal man and then the truth of immortality; the Christ man and the truths of Christ. The substance first and then the science and the symbol."

Equally suggestive is his saying that the key-word to a proper conception of the Church is not "*election*," but "*education*."

"The Social Prophecy of Jesus Christ" and "The Reverence of Science"—are the significant titles of two sermons which show the author to be thoroughly alive to the social and economic problems of the day and cordially appreciative and grateful for the results of science—throughout there is a healthy optimism and fearless handling of great themes. There is no fault-finding and idle abuse of the age. There is no attempt to silence objections and to throt-

tle inquiry by any appeal to authority and tradition. The book is the fruit of wide reading, close observation, and strenuous thinking. The writer feels that he has a message to his age and in the full assurance of this conviction he has ventured to speak. No one can lay this book aside without feeling that the author has had something to say and has said it well.

W. A. GUERRY.

THE SOCIAL TEACHING OF JESUS.

Its title and its source will commend *The Social Teaching of Jesus, an Essay in Christian Sociology, by Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago*, (New York, Macmillans), and that is fortunate, for it is difficult to discern what else it has to commend it. In 230 pages, followed by an elaborate index of texts cited or referred to, the learned author has re-discovered for us, with a labor that suggests that of the king of France, and his four thousand men, first that Christ conceived men as social beings, very much as all human beings have done since the first chapter of Genesis, though perhaps all would hardly go so far as to say that "with him it would appear as if sin were the reverse of sociability" (p. 35). And Mr. Mathews' second discovery is almost equally novel. If men are sons of God why, then they must be brothers of one another. The reasoning thus far is faultless, and we are led to conclude that the messianic kingdom was to be a universal brotherhood, "physical, not external," but whether in this world or some other the author does not know (p. 75). The damned are those who refuse or are by nature inelligible to join the new community (p. 75).

We next learn from some twenty-eight pages that Our Lord approved in a general way family life, and thus encouraged, we proceed to his views of the state, concerning which we are told at much length that he was neither an socialist, a monarchist, a democrat (p. 124), though in a mild sort of way he was an anarchist (p. 124). "He stands committed

to no political teaching" says the author, and how in the name of common-sense could or should he?

We then pass to the views of Christ on wealth, and presently learn that he had none. *Sursum corda!* "Jesus was neither a sycophant nor a demagogue. He neither forbids trusts or advises them," and the same of "trade-unions, strikes and lock-outs." He was "neither socialist nor individualist" (p. 156) though when "some zealous soul has thought that duty lay in following such teaching as Christ gave, the courts have entrusted him to a guardian" (p. 135).

We now come with p. 158 to the point where we thought we should have begun, to "Social Life." And here too there is much to encourage us. Jesus was "no ascetic or even semi-ascetic puritan," (p. 159) nor "a charlatan" (p. 160). He was a courteous "gentleman," "careful of the conventionalities of life" (p. 162), for "no cultured man wants a boor as his religious teacher, any more than he would accept a filthy saint as his saviour." Naturally therefore Our Lord was "well-dressed" and "followed the ordinary dictates of the Jewish fashions" (p. 163) and it seems to have been for failure to do this that he ranked John Baptist as "less than the least in the kingdom of God." But though Our Lord personally "conformed to the ordinary habits of polite society," he yet recognized the necessity of class distinctions. "Men must of necessity," says Professor Mathews, "be divided into servants and employés," a statement that seems to call for some modification. Yet if Christ had not recognized fundamental equality, he would not have elected the carpenter's trade nor attempted the conquest of his kingdom with "a seemingly Falstaffian army of fishermen, tax-collectors and reformed revolutionists" (p. 168).

We should hardly expect Professor Mathews' well-dressed and courteous gentleman to be a radical, and we are not surprised to discover toward the close (p. 202), what we had suspected at the beginning, that "there is dis-

appointment in store for the man who looks to Jesus for specific teachings as to reform." It is, however, a comfort to know that his habits of thought "can hardly be said to have been fortuitous" (p. 205), though it may seem as though the brotherhood that Professor Mathews has in mind would be an aggregation of amiable crétins. He himself has a little trouble in citing Scripture to his purpose and takes refuge finally in the comfortable postulate that "goodness in Jesus was not divorced from common-sense" (p. 215), as men might have thought from the preceding pages or, for that matter, from the following ones, where it becomes reasonably clear to the author that Christ was little concerned with founding a religious institution" (p. 221), and that "the church was simply the religious phase of the life of the kingdom."

But perhaps no passage in this book is calculated to convey a more adequate impression of the virility of conception and depth of thought that characterize it than some beautiful pages towards the close on the danger of substituting "a system of ethics for the dynamics of a personal faith in God." "Concerts and kindergartens" exclaims the author, "are very necessary as complements of revivals and mission halls, but as saviours of a nation's civilization and purity they are as grass before the storm." We ought to be grateful that we have in one of our great universities a man capable of adapting his writings to minds in the mollusc or even the amœbous stage of evolution. But it is perhaps inevitable that those who thus condescend to men of low estate shall seem to us, who have humble though we trust vertebrate minds, to be uttering futile iterations of weary commonplace. J. A.

THE NEW "YOUNG LADIES' FRIEND."[1]

This is a pleasant little series of nine papers, five of which appeared in *The Outlook*, addressed to the aspirants

[1] College Training for Women, by Kate Holladay Claghorn, New York, Crowell, 1897.

for culture among women in the various stages that separate the ambitious school-girl from the presiding genius of the *salon* or the nursery. The dominant note of the whole is sanity, a good, plain common-sense. There is very little talk about ideals of culture. The writer sees just as clearly what the college cannot do as she does what may reasonably expected of it. There is a chapter on The Preparation, with some very sensible remarks on the good and evil of cramming as a mental discipline. Then follow some shrewd remarks on Choosing a College and some interesting glimpses of collegiate life as it appears to women. A few words on graduate study follow, very temperate, recognizing that "original production falls proportionally behind the spread of education," that "not what one learns but how one learns" is what is of the most importance, and laying just stress on the claims of some form of social science on every cultured woman's attention. Then follow four chapters on the college graduate in Alumnae Associations, in the home, in society and as a wage earner. Throughout the whole are delightful little bits of feminine psychology as for instance: "It would be injudicious to tell a boy to pay little attention to what his professors think of him: it would be merely a wholesome corrective of an exaggerated tendency to tell a girl the same thing." Again we are told that a sensible girl "will not burst into tears at criticism. . . . She will simply think she is getting the guidance and advice she came to college for. She will not writhe and shrivel under sarcasm; she will simply think the instructor has bad manners." In which, we may add, she will have our hearty sympathy and concurrence, as she will have also if she will follow Miss Claghorn's counsel and in her graduating thesis cease to cultivate "the obscure and crabbed as an indication of depth," so that at length we may attain the consummation of our literary hopes and "cease to hear the demand from an intelligent but wearied public for some Alexandrian fire to ravage the thesis-heaps in our libraries." In this connection we have noted with pain some infelicities

in the author's own style, the almost inevitable pock-marks of philological training, but these are trifles that one regrets rather than criticises. In conclusion we note with especial pleasure the comparison of the possible social influence of the college-bred woman in society to that exercised by the leaders of the French *salons* in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Will not some young woman take these salons for her thesis and vindicate for her sex their claim to be the creators of "good society" amid the carping abuse, the satire, and the slander of the *literati* of the French court? *Précieuses ridicules* there were and always will be, but the *précieuses* had in them the most precious germ of social refinement and culture for France and for the world.

B. W. W.

NOTES.

Of the first volume of "American History told by Contemporaries," edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, (New York: the Macmillan Co.), a series that is planned to contain four, one may say that the conception was as uniquely genial as the execution is generously judicial. The period covered is that of Colonization from 1492 to 1689. An introduction of twenty-seven pages on the sources of American history and on how to use them is followed by accurate reprints in whole or in part of 156 documents, either in their own English or in careful translations. The book does even more than the title promises for it begins not with Columbus but with Hauk Erlendsson. Then Columbus tells of the great discovery and in the next year we find Pope Alexander dividing the new world with a bull. Then we hear Columbus eleven years later tell of the thirst for gold. And throughout the whole 590 pages the men of old time speak for themselves to us and tell us episodes in their lives or give us pictures of manners as they appeared to the actors themselves. To the part devoted to Norse and Spanish Discoveries succeed others on the English and the French and Dutch. Then we come to papers less interesting perhaps to the boy in search of thrilling adventure but even more full of suggestion and meaning to the riper mind. We are given a section on the Reasons for Colonization and on its Regulation and on the Emigrants themselves; then each set of colonies is taken in turn, the Southern settlements, New England by states and in general, and then the "Middle Colonies." If there is a boy or girl, man or woman, in the United States whom this series does not interest the fault they may be sure is with them and the education they have received. A work such as this is and such as this promises to be is a noteworthy and a praiseworthy contribu-

tion to the building up among us of a more reasonable patriotism and nobler ideals of citizenship. It is also a worthy monument of American scholarship and broad spirited efforts in the words of its own preface "to make broad the highways for those who would visit their forefathers."

B. W. W.

An interesting treatment, popular in style yet scholarly in substance, of a subject of perennial interest will be found in the "Communion of Saints," by the Reverend Wyllys Rede, with an introduction by Lord Halifax (London, Longman's) whose second edition has just appeared to testify to its continued popularity. The aim of the author has been to show in a popular way and with not infrequent appeals to the christian sympathies and emotions that there is a true spiritual communion between Christ and all the members of his Church living and departed as well as between the individual members of the Church militant and the Church expectant. In his view the fellowship of christians on earth typifies a more developed spiritual fellowship in paradise which he regards as a more or less purgatorial preparation for the beatific vision of heaven after the final judgment. From this follows naturally that the personal relations and interests of this life are to some extent continued in the next, that the expectant christians may pray for us and that we may ask God for their prayers, which since they are nearer to God are likely to be more grateful to him than our own. All this is in accord with the teachings of the early Church and with the fortieth article of the English Church, adopted in 1553 and yielded later as a sort of eirenicon to the continental protestants with the usual result of eirenica. According to the ingenious reasoning of Dr. Rede, however, the Church never intended to abandon a view so helpful to the christian life that if some future place of purgation did not exist it would be necessary to invent it. On the contrary she still teaches it by implication in the Prayer-Book. This is not the fit occasion to discuss problems of eschatol-

ogy, but if we were to join issue anywhere with Dr. Rede it would be with regard to his view that the life of the soul after death "has two divisions or states of life widely separated from each other at least as to the tenor of their existence," as Dives and Lazarus were separated. Souls do not pass from this life so classified but with every conceivable shade that separates black from white, none wholly bad, not even Dives, none wholly good, not even Lazarus or Abraham. Ultimately such a distinction may evolve itself, immediately it is hardly conceivable that the souls of the dead should recognize any such distinction of their own accord or its justice if it were imposed upon them. With this exception or rather reserve it seems to us that Dr. Rede's book meets the principal requirement of such a treatise, namely that it shall present a rational, righteous, and comfortable view of a subject on which the current protestant teaching has succeeded in outraging at once the emotional and the rational side of human nature.

We noticed some time since the first volume of Professor Friedrich Ratzel's "History of Mankind" translated by A. J. Butler, (Macmillan). The second volume is just out, covering America and Africa. The same high standard of book-making is kept up and the volumes may be confidently recommended to all interested in the subject. The illustrations are especially good and it is a marvel that the publishers can afford to sell the book so cheaply (four dollars per volume).

Among convenient manuals for special students recently published by the Macmillan Company we note the Rev. C. R. Gillett's translation of Krüger's "History of Early Christian Literature," Pillsbury and Titchener's translation of Külpe's "Introduction to Philosophy," Herbert J. Davenport's "Outlines of Elementary Economics," and Amos Kidder Fiske's "Myths of Israel,"—the last being an interesting effort to popularize the results of modern critical scholarship.

Among T. Y. Crowell & Company's latest books we note with pleasure the first annotated edition of Browning's "Ring and the Book" from the competent hands of Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, the editors of "Poet-Lore" —a good piece of work—Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole's complete edition of Matthew Arnold's Poetical Works—the first edition to include "Alaric at Rome," "Cromwell" and a few other poems—a most commendable work—Dean Farrar's chatty volume of personal sketches entitled "Men I Have Known"—and last but not least, Miss Hapgood's good translation of the Baron Pierre de Coubertin's "Evolution of France under the Third Republic"—a most valuable and delightful book which we recommend cordially to all our readers. The recent publications of this firm have certainly been of excellent quality in every respect a judgment which is confirmed by a perusal of Professor Oscar Kuhns' admirable revision of Cary's translation of Dante.

An interesting book just published by the Macmillan Company is entitled "The Conception of God." It consists of an address by Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard, followed by a criticism thereon by Professor Mezes of the University of Texas, with remarks and comments by Professors LeConte and G. H. Howison, of the University of California, and two supplementary essays by Professor Royce.

A delightful book for both the student and the general reader, is Mr. Frederic Ives Carpenter's "English Lyric Poetry," (1500-1700)—a volume in the "Warwick Library" (Scribner's). Dr. Carpenter's introduction is good and his selections are in admirable taste. He has added some new poems of interest and has retained nearly all the lyrics that Palgrave and Bullen have made favorites with us. The volume ought to make a charming gift-book.

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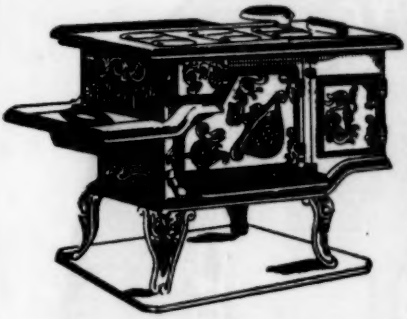
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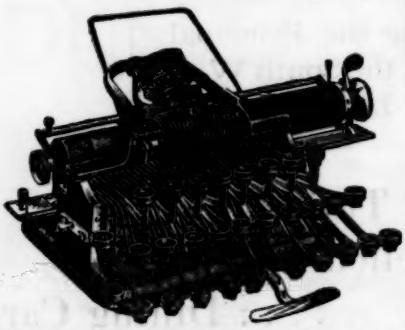
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